

# The Musical World.

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## CRUVELLI.

The eighth performance of *Fidelio*, on Thursday night, was interesting for more reasons than one. It was announced in the bills as the last, until the end of the season; and although an extra night, with none of the subscribers to make the house look full, the crowd was so great that a short time after the doors were open there was not a place to be had, in boxes or stalls, and not even standing room in the pit.

A few weeks past, when announcing the success of Sophie Cruvelli in Paris, and her expected arrival in London, we expressed our conviction of the favourable reception that would be accorded to *Fidelio*, and our admiration of the courage of the youthful artist who dared to make her *début*, before a London public, in the most elaborate and difficult, the profoundest and most poetical of operas. Our anticipations have been more than realised. Not only has *Fidelio* been received with enthusiasm by the public, but it has proved of eminent service to the treasury. Mr. Lumley may congratulate himself on having been the first to present the one dramatic work of the giant of the orchestra, in an Italian costume. Beethoven himself would hardly have dreamed of hearing his opera on the Italian stage; but Beethoven did not dream of what the state of music would be, in England, in 1851; and Beethoven did not dream of Sophie Cruvelli—of one gifted to sing the part of Leonora, as well in Italian, and in French, as in German, her own tongue—aye, or in English, too, like Malibran, her predecessor and only equal.

Those who remember Sophie Cruvelli in 1848, when the Jenny Lind fever blinded the eyes of the public to a genius of a still higher order—when, amidst the enthusiasm for the “Nightingale,” Cruvelli was lost, like a bright star behind a cloud, and the most passionate and impetuous Lucrezia that ever made Donizetti’s opera as musical as Victor Hugo’s tragedy is dramatic, was overwhelmed by the tears of Amina, and obscured by the intense faith which inspired Alice to her task of love and duty—those, we repeat, who remember Sophie Cruvelli in 1848, would do well to compare notes. What did they say, and what think of Cruvelli, then?—what do they say and think of her now? Then she was a young singer of promise, with a splendid voice and a vast deal of dramatic fire. Now she is a genius, for whom the highest triumphs of the lyric drama are destined. And yet, but three years have passed away. Cruvelli was nineteen in 1848, and in 1851 cannot be more than two and twenty. Her voice is simply what it was before—the most beautiful in the world.

She is neither handsomer nor plainer, taller nor shorter, than three years ago; her dramatic fire, and her vocal facility, though more entirely under the influence of art, more subject to control, (the natural result of experience) are not more remarkable than they were. How then are we to account for the difference in public appreciation?—how to explain why that which was once received with comparative coldness, should now be understood and applauded to the echo? How, but by again referring to that passion, that mania, for “the Lind,” which made the public blind to everything—even to Alboni, even to Rachel, even to Cruvelli.

There is a striking difference to be noted in the respective effects produced upon the public mind by Jenny Lind, in 1848, and Sophie Cruvelli, in 1851. (Cruvelli, in 1848, was not Cruvelli—but a shadow of the future). Every artifice of *reclame* had been wasted on the advent of “the Lind.” Fame had preceded her, as an ambassador, and never was there a more skilful and expeditious *charge d’affaires*. A quarrel was raised, and maintained for the course of a twelvemonth, as to whether she would come or not. Some said yea, some nay; and the argument of either side was forcibly and obstinately held. Jenny Lind came, and destroyed, or at least neutralized, the formidable opposition at Covent Garden, which threatened the director of Her Majesty’s Theatre with absolute ruin. Observe the distinction. A fortnight before the arrival of Cruvelli, nobody knew whether she was coming or not; and when her arrival was advertised, with the date of her *début*, few were aware, and still fewer were careful, whether it was the same Cruvelli, who, in 1848, had shone with a dim light beside the splendid planet whose presence then absorbed the whole atmosphere of public affection. She came (Cruvelli), and modestly made her first appearance as the tender and devoted Leonora. She incurred the risk of misappreciation with Beethoven’s mighty work, and was willing to rise or fall with the fortunes of her great compatriot. She played Leonora, and succeeded. *Fidelio* succeeded, and Cruvelli too. The one was worthy of the other. Jenny Lind came out in a mangled version of an opera by Meyerbeer; Cruvelli in the unmitigated masterpiece of Beethoven. Jenny Lind had all the chances to herself; her *prestige*, the uncertainty about her coming, which had raised the public mind to such a strange pitch of excitement, equally militated in her favour. Cruvelli had neither *prestige* to recommend her, nor doubt to engender curiosity in her behalf. No one disputed her coming, since no one cared whether she

came or not. She was announced, immediately after her Parisian triumph; and her Parisian triumph was looked upon (like so many other Parisian triumphs) as a puff—a *reclame*, to suit managerial purposes. Her entry on the stage, however, in the costume of the gentle and heroic Leonora, at once prepossessed every one in her favour; and the first few notes she uttered confirmed this good impression. After the air, the success of Sophie Cruvelli was decided. A new and a great dramatic genius had come upon the scene—had burst unexpectedly on public view—and raised the hope of a fresh impetus to the lyric stage, which had been for some time on the decline, for lack of novelty. She was the novelty required; and it is but just to say, that she was recognised at once, and adopted. The English public, like the French public, has adopted Sophie Cruvelli; and we, who represent the public, are ready to own that we have taken a lesson from our neighbours, who quickly understood, and rated at its proper value, the priceless jewel we English had failed to estimate. Another time this will scarcely happen. If we get another Cruvelli, we shall know her worth at once, and not leave it to the French to teach us. But Cruvellis do not come every day—any more than Malibrans—and we are likely to have to wait a long time before the occasion be offered us, of avenging our reputation as connoisseurs.

Sophie Cruvelli may now be considered as naturalised in England. She has played two parts—Fidelio and Norma—and triumphed in both. Find what faults you please with them, criticise them as you choose, no such Fidelio, no such Norma, has been seen in our time. We, who prophesied the success she would achieve—we, who were the first to announce to the musical public the apparition of a new genius, are, at the same time, more anxious than any of our contemporaries to place Sophie Cruvelli upon the critical *question*, to torture her into confession of her faults—the lovely errors of youth and enthusiasm—to force her to abandon them, wild flowers as they are, almost as sweet and bright, and fragrant and beautiful as the real flowers of art which have been tendered by the hand of experience, and watered by the showers of maturity. We should like to make a catalogue *raisonnée*, or *déraisonnée*, of Cruvelli's errors, and proclaim them to the eye of the world, in the hope that she might take counsel and amend them. But our task would be too difficult. We should first have the labour of finding them. And when found, and collected together, what would they amount to?—the mistakes of impulse, the overhates of genius, which sometimes despises elaboration, the short-comings of ardent youth, too eager and confiding to calculate. All these will doubtless be mended; and at thirty, Sophie Cruvelli may, possibly, be the most perfect dramatic singer in Europe, as she is already the greatest genius. But whether, then, she will be more admirable than she is at the present moment, we take leave to doubt. Something may be gained that is not now possessed—something that can only come with time. But what can replace the freshness of early aspiration, the magic of young unfettered impulse, the depth and beauty

of tones that reach the heart from their very innocence and purity? At thirty, Sophie Cruvelli may be a greater, because a more practised artist, and one more entirely mistress of her resources; but we doubt if she can ever become a more attractive and delightful singer.

We have written thus at length, because it is probable we may not have occasion, for some time, to return to the subject. The interest we have felt is partly derived from a certain satisfaction springing from the complete fulfilment of a prophecy which appeared in these pages; but in a still greater measure from the conviction that the advent of a new star of genius, in the horizon of dramatic song, is to be hailed as a fact of the highest significance to art.

#### THE MUSICAL UNION.

The Directors' *matinée*, on Tuesday last, at which all the instrumental stars of the season gave their services, besides Herr Reichardt, the German tenor, attracted the most brilliant, aristocratic, fashionable, and crowded audience ever collected together in Willis's rooms. Mr. Ella, by this one meeting, has covered all the expenses arising from his spirited determination to give extra sittings, at which many excellent artists, who would not otherwise have appeared, have been able to display their talents in presence of the most refined audience in Europe. It is enough to annex the programme, which may give some notion of the attractive variety of the entertainment.

*Quartet—"God preserve the Emperor".....	Haydn.
MM. Sivori, Deloffre, Hill and Piatti.	
*Quartet—A minor. No. 1, Op. 13. (Intermezzo and Presto Finale) .....	Mendelssohn.
MM. Sainton, &c.	
*Trio—E flat. Op. 70 .....	Beethoven.
MM. Ernst, Piatti, and Halle.	
Vocal. Herr Reichardt .....	Schubert.
Adagio and Rondo—Violin Solo ...	Vieuxtemps.
Herr Laub.	
Duet à 4 Mains—A flat. (Allegro).....	Hummel.
MM. Halle and Pauer.	
*Sestet—E flat. (Allegro). ....	Mayseder.
MM. Sivori, Piatti, Bottesini, &c.	
Vocal. Herr Reichardt. (Spanish Song) .....	Dessauer.
*Quartet—Four Violins Obligati .....	Maurer.
MM. Sivori, Sainton, Laub, and Deloffre.	
Duet Concertante—Violoncello and Contra-Basso .	Bottesini.
Signori Piatti and Bottesini.	
Accompanist.....	Herr Eckert.

\* Two movements only performed of each composition.

It would be invidious to criticise any of the "numbers" in detail. Suffice it, every executant (and they were all *de la première force*) did his very best in honour of the intelligent and energetic Director, who himself played a tenor part in Mayseder's *sestet*. It was a proud day for Mr. Ella.

## FIDELIO.

(Continued from our last.)

Leonore has observed the governor in earnest speech with Rokko but not overheard the purport of their converse. Without any intervening spoken dialogue her grand scena "Abscheulicher wo eilst du hin?" begins immediately upon the close of the duet. The sight of the tyrant, to whom she ascribes all her sufferings, awakens in the heroine—the devoted Leonore—the liveliest sense of horror; she knows him a stranger to sympathy, to every humane emotion, she is conscious of the storm of wild and fearful passion that rages in his soul; but she sees, also, a rainbow resting on the dark clouds that beset his own destiny, which lights and encourages her to endure the arduous trials through which she has still to pass. Here is a charming piece of word-painting in illustration of this metaphor of the rainbow, which is musically conveyed in the unexpected and novel change of key, in the bright but stilly effect of the orchestration produced by the employment of the acute wind instruments, in the streamy phrase of symphony, in 9-8 time, and in the general calmness that, from this point, characterises the music. On the whole, however, this recitative has not that highly passionate colouring which, from so many beautiful examples, we so well know it was eminently in the power of Beethoven to impart, and which we might well have supposed his conception of the character and feelings of his heroine would have suggested to him to have given to this, her only individual solo in the opera, the only piece in which we have the pourtrayal of her own emotions uninfluenced by the immediate actions of those who surround her. The comparatively unimpassioned character of the music in this place we attribute mainly to the didactic rather than dramatic nature of the words, which, for the most part throughout the opera pre-eminently good for their purpose, in this instance are, we think, very different from what the situation requires. The chief effect of this recitative is to lead the attention by gradual progression from the violent excitement of the duet which preceded, to the greater beauty of the adagio which follows it, and in this we must acknowledge an artistry that puts to shame the short-sighted stricture we have been making, as evidencing a regard for the general effect superior to the miniature workmanship which makes the utmost of every particular detail in a large work to the very possible disparagement of the whole. It is probably due to the composer's design of producing an imperceptible gradation of feeling in his audience instead of continuing an equal though a different excitement, or of making a violent contrast, that we have in this place a recitative instead of a spoken monologue, and this consideration reduplicates the force of all we have advanced as to the gross impropriety and want of pertinence in the interpolation of recitatives in other parts of the opera, where the dialogue is of a purely conversational character, insusceptible of musical expression, and where there is no important transition from one state of feeling to another. We have now the aria with the three horns and bassoon obligato accompaniment. In the beautiful and expressive adagio, Leonore invokes Hope not to extinguish the last star of the weary pilgrim, to let it shine upon her zeal, and love will enable her to reach it. This movement embodies the most earnest feeling; it is ceaselessly melodious, though not a definitely continuous melody, and the peculiarity of the instrumentation helps not a little in the subdued tranquillity of its general effect. It has been, and it may be, urged that here would have been a fitting place for a clear, unbroken, rhythmical melody, and we feel that such, while it would have been certainly more generally appreciable, would not have been untrue to the reposeful,

contemplative situation of the singer nor to the metaphorical form of the language she employs; but there is a perfect poetical propriety in the treatment Beethoven has given to the subject, that must be highly prized by all who can truly estimate it; in the general melodiousness of the whole effect to which the instruments, no less than the voice, contribute, we find a fit rendering of the vague feeling that hope, however earnest, if indefinite, must always be—a rendering more truthful than could have been given in a concise and tuneful cantilena. The allegro, "Ich folg dem innern Triebe," opens to us an entirely new phase of the heroine's character; she follows a deepfelt impulse,—she wavers not,—duty, and the love of a faithful wife strengthen her. Now, we first learn that Leonore is a wife; that she is not what to the rest of the characters she has seemed, or we have surmised from her entrance on the scene, and it is now only we discover the true relationship in which she is placed, the real difficulties and dangers of her situation, and from these comprehend the poetical greatness of her character. The opening symphony of this allegro indicates the steadfast firmness of the instinct that impels the most devoted of heroines to her many arduous efforts of endurance and forbearance, an expression that is forcibly developed in the continuance of the movement. We pause to consider these four bars because in them we trace the germ of the chief subject of the overture, in E, (known as the *Overture to Fidelio*), and thus find a second clue to the feeling intended to be expressed in that composition—to which we shall have occasion to refer more at length when we come to speak of the overture in particular. The strain of enthusiasm with which this movement opens grows in its intensity as the music proceeds. The exultant burst of rapture on the word "Gattin," (where the chord of G sharp major is introduced with such prodigious brilliancy), gives a powerful utterance to the sense of pride with which Leonore feels herself to be a "wife," and to be strengthened by this most sacred of all human relationships, the bond of will more reverend than the tie of nature, the force of love more noble than the power of instinct, strengthened by this to follow the deepfelt impulse that urges her to acts of the highest heroism. In this, and in the passage that grows out of it, we recognise another anticipation of a most beautiful point in Weber's *Freischütz*, (we refer to a place in the grand scena of Agatha), and here, as in the former instance to which we have alluded of the influence this opera must have had upon the thoughts of Weber, there is not only the coincidence of feeling and the similarity of phrase, but also the identity of key. We have an impassioned episode where she exclaims—"O thou for whom I have borne all! could I but penetrate to the place where treachery has cast thee in fetters, and bring to thee sweet consolation!" Commencing in the key of A we are brought by natural gradation to the dominant of C sharp minor, and then by a transition, beautiful as it is entirely novel and unexpected, we suddenly change to the key of G natural on the words "Und süssen Trost dir bringen," the powerful intensity and most heartful tenderness of which can only be conceived by those who are familiar with the passage. The technical means whereby this great and unusual effect is attained are quite simple if but carefully examined. The chord of G sharp is equivalent to that of A flat, and this is the minor second in the key of G natural, the root of the "Neapolitan sixth," of certain most indefinite and not a little whimsical technical nomenclature, and so the real tonal relationship (however rarely brought into question) between the keys of C sharp minor and G natural major. The ardent excitement is thus resumed, and by a natural transition to E minor, we are brought to a half close on the

dominant of this key. Now the opening symphony (the overtureish subject) recurs, this time with additional force from the brightness of the change into the major key after the minor; now the recapitulation of the early portion of the movement with the "*Freischutz*" passage again, but with such trifling modulation as to make it still more than before like its archetype; now a short impassioned coda with a somewhat protracted full close, and so an end. In this allegro there is one important thing to remark, namely, the great brilliancy of the effect of the seemingly inadequate manner in which it is produced: we have only the four obligato wind instruments, besides the string quartet, in the score, and these wind instruments are surely of a sombre character both as regards quality of tone and positive pitch; moreover, they are precisely the same as are employed in the slow movement, the effect of which is so entirely different. This forcibly suggests that the character of music written for brilliancy or for tranquillity depends intrinsically upon the ideas themselves, not merely upon the orchestral colouring under which they may be displayed.

There is now another scene of the jealousy of Jacquino, and Marcelline's abnegation of all her former admissions towards him, in favor of his rival. Jacquino appeals to her father, who concisely gives him to understand that Fidelio is his accepted son-in-law. Leonore entreats the old jailor to fulfil his often repeated promise, and allow the prisoners in the upper cells to come for once out into the garden and enjoy the air of heaven—fondly deluding herself with the idea that she may possibly discover him whom she so anxiously seeks amongst them. With little difficulty on the part of Leonore and Marcelline, Rokko is persuaded—and here begins the first finale. Jacquino and Fidelio open the prison doors, and the unhappy captives, who, under the tyrannous administration of Pizaro, have been immured for years in the living tomb he governs, are allowed for once to inhale the breath of nature, to see the daylight, and to quicken their half-extinguished vital powers with the genial influence of the all-nourishing sunshine. The few bars of introductory symphony to the greatly admired and preeminently beautiful movement with which the finale opens (the prisoners' chorus) have an effect that is perfectly magical; we feel on hearing them all the sensation of a deep-drawn breath, the expansion of the chest, the inflation of the lungs, the stillness of wonder, and the abstraction of delight. To analyse this most powerful embodiment of a most poetical conception is the work of a few words only; but to comprehend how from such simple means so great an effect can be produced, and to admire sufficiently the consummate artistry with which these means are applied, is beyond the scope of thought, beyond the range of expression. Here is one of those rare instances in art of the peculiar power of genius to invest with a quality beyond their own the materials it employs, and to astonish the sense where the judgment can recognise nothing but what appears to be within the attainment of every one, yet no one succeeds in attaining. We have, as has been said, a natural progression of the most simple harmonies, and these are assigned to the quartet of string instruments only; but the peculiar manner in which these harmonies are dispersed gives to them a breadth of tone that seems to fill all space with sound, to define in appreciable vibrations the scarcely imagined throbings of the pulse of nature.

Now we must remark upon the exquisite beauty of the melodic passage assigned to the bassoons and clarionets—now upon the obvious sense of sighing conveyed in the second bar of each of the two-bar phrases it comprises—now upon the gradually accumulated power of the voices (the entry of each

part, successively, at the interval of a second above the preceding giving wonderful force and largeness to the effect of the harmony)—and now upon the magnificent burst on the chord of E flat, when all the voices for the first time move together "in the fresh air," which expresses all that can be expressed of rapturous but passionless ecstasy. The repetition of the phrase that follows this, with the diminuendo, is a great stroke of art, which portrays the gradual subduing of this glowing excitement, without allowing the feelings expressed or the attention of the hearers to sink too suddenly into repose. The modulation to F, "Only here is life," and the mysterious passage of unisons, "And in the dungeon a Grave," are highly picturesque. Then the transient modulation into E flat, with a section of the opening subject somewhat extended, a still more expansive and no less simple passage than before to express "only here is life," and another rendering of the mysterious, shudderful thought of the horrors of the prison—finally a most genial and irrepressible cry of exultation that we feel to be outpouring from the inmost recesses of the heart, and so we come to the first full close, and terminate what may be esteemed the first part of the movement. We have now an episode that, from the change of the rhythmical movement, and the very bright effect of the change of key, still more from the charming and simple beauty of the melody, gives a touching expression to the words. A solo voice encourages the rest to rely with confidence on the help of Providence; hope whispers him that they will be free, that they will find rest. These words kindle a new enthusiasm of the chorus; they cannot restrain the expression of the feelings that dilate their hearts; they interrupt their companion with broken ejaculations of "Heaven! Deliverance! what happiness!"—and then join in an invocation to Freedom to return, which is certainly the point of the whole composition, the utmost possible expression of all the most ardent emotions this chorus so truthfully embodies. An officer on guard upon the ramparts observes them; another solo voice warns the rest to "speak lightly, to restrain themselves, for they are watched with ear and glance." The unusual progression of harmony that accompanies the suppressed declamation of these words, and the eager anxiety conveyed in the stifled whispers in which they are repeated by the chorus, produce an excitement no less powerful than the preceding, but of a totally different character. This gradually dies away, and then the old feeling steals upon us again with the resumption of the opening subject, which now receives a new colouring from its contrast to what has immediately preceded. What we have named the first part of this movement is here considerably compressed, and we have then a coda, remarkable, first for the vagueness of apprehension which it so completely and poetically embodies, and next for the novel harmony employed, of which, in its present application, we can scarcely call to mind another example.

Were we disposed for a theoretical discussion on points of harmony (which we consider would be quite irrelevant to the purpose of this article), we should adduce the present unusual employment of the common chord of the minor second of the scale, as an illustration of an argument, which could not but gain force from the importance of such an example. The argument, however, will keep, and the example cannot be forgotten. The prisoners retire into the garden, anxiously fearing the observation of the sentinels, and Leonore, who has been vainly seeking for her husband among the children of misery that owe this, their temporary return to the world of life and light, to her gentle persuasion, runs eagerly to Rokko, as he returns from another interview with the Governor. In a short reci-

tative which opens the second movement of the finale (and which is another example of the imprudence of the introduction of additional recitatives, in proving that where the musical or dramatic design required the employment of this mode of composition, Beethoven had readily recourse to it)—in a short recitative, the jailor answers to the earnest enquiry of his assistant, that Pizarro has consented to the marriage of Marcelline with Fidelio, that the latter shall assist him in his labours within the prison, and that to-day he shall descend with him. The music now becomes rhythmical. Leonore exclaims with uncontrollable delight, “To-day!”—a delight well rendered in the music. The hearty Rokko, pleased to see the joy he has occasioned, proposes at once to proceed to the fulfilment of their labour. “Whither?” eagerly demands the supposed Fidelio. The bluff simplicity of the kindly old man is lost in the air of mystery with which he says “To that man” (the allusion recalls all that has been said of the secret prisoner), “to whom I have since many weeks given daily less and less food.” The same figure of accompaniment which distinguished the previous solo of Leonore is now resumed, and she exclaims with renewed rapture, “Ha! will he be enfranchised?” But Rokko checks at once her impatient hopes. “The prisoner will—but how?—be liberated, within an hour—the finger on the mouth—he must be in his grave.” This short passage is most dramatically declaimed, the peculiar mystery given to the two parenthetical passages being admirably considered. The old figure of accompaniment is then again resumed. “Is he dead?” demands the anxious wife, whose courage gains strength from the severity of the trials to which it is subject. “Not yet.” We have here a strange progression from the key of E to that of G minor, which gives special force to Leonore’s ejaculation—“Is then to kill him thy duty?” The familiar figure is then resumed, and Rokko in his natural manner declares—and with considerable self-satisfaction in the declaration—that murder is no part of his office; and this he seeks to certify by a most emphatic and triumphant reiteration of the word—“No.” The figure here breaks off, and the voice being accompanied note against note, gives still more force, and with all the air of self-superiority the notes so well convey, to the announcement that the governor will himself descend into the prison. Here is introduced, with admirable pertinence to the situation, the four notes that must have left such a vivid impression on every one who has heard the great duet of the two basses, the phrase in which Pizarro—whose terrible influence pervades the whole action of the opera, and the thoughts of its agents—in which Pizarro, after describing his purposed descent into the dungeon, tells, in one short phrase, the intended results of his murderous design—“and he is dumb!” To give a distinct colouring to the delivery of the following words, for the feeling of which we have been so powerfully prepared by the recurrence to the very impressive phrase of the duet, the two trombones are introduced, in this passage alone throughout the Finale—namely, when Rokko says “We two will only dig his grave”—wherein the purport of the governor’s descent into the prison is more fearfully conveyed by implication than it could be by the most explicit description. Leonore’s horror at the thought that she is probably to dig the grave of her own husband, and the consideration of Rokko, that the more and more enfeebled state of the wretched prisoner will have rendered him callous to the greater, but the last evil he will have to endure, are well rendered in the following passage, which brings this, the second movement of the Finale, to a close; a movement more remarkable as an excellent piece of declamation than for its abstract musical interest, though in this it is decidedly not at all wanting.

(To be continued.)

### Reviews of Music.

- No. 1. “Amor”—Arietta da Camera,
- No. 2. “Inconsolabile”
- No. 3. “L’Auretta Messaggiera”—Arietta.
- No. 4. “L’Orfano”—Poetia del Signor G. Saccheri.
- No. 5. “La Violetta”—Arietta.
- No. 6. “Vola, vola”—Arietta da Camera. Musica di MEYERBEER. T. Boosey & Co.

Among the number of uninteresting publications with which our fashionable and aristocratic drawing-rooms are deluged, to the interruption of the peace of families, and the small gratification of innocent and unexpectant guests, the appearance of six chamber songs, with the honourable name of Meyerbeer attached to them, must be welcomed as an oasis in the barren desert of accumulated nothings, which parch up the soul of the musical traveller with inharmonious sicculence. The songs before us are not all new, some of them having appeared already with German words, and been introduced in public sufficiently often to render them at once recognisable to those who are in the habit of attending our benefit and other concerts. For instance, No. 3, “L’Auretta Messaggiera,” will be welcomed by the readers of the *Musical World* as an old friend with a new face; or, to be technical, as an old air in a new key. None can have forgotten the charming and quaint romance which, under the title of the “Fisher-maiden,” and in the key of G minor, was engraved and presented to the subscribers of the *Musical World*, some three years since. “L’Auretta Messaggiera” is that same romance, transposed to E minor, with new Italian words, expressing an entirely different tale, with a “gentle breeze” for the heroine.

No. 1, “Amor,” is also an old air with a new key. It will be recognised as the “Chant de Mai,” which first introduced Mademoiselle Jetty Treffz to an English audience at the Philharmonic Concerts, in 1849, and which she afterwards sang with so much success at Jullien’s. In its present form, it is transposed from C to D, with Italian words embodying an apostrophe to the month of April. It is, however, as welcome as the others, being really a beautiful composition; and if sung, as insinuated on the title, by Signor Mario, can hardly fail to create a furor, as it already has done so frequently when coming from the pretty lips of the popular Jetty, “Jullien’s thrush.”

The enumeration of titles and keys on the title-page of these songs is so obscure—A sharp and E sharp (impossible keys) being indicated among others—that we cannot attempt to follow them in order. We shall, therefore, take them up at hazard.

No. 2, “Inconsolabile,” in F, was sung with great success, and unanimously encored, by Madame Grisi, at the recent *Matinée* of Signor Brizzi. It is a very beautiful song, the melody being one of the most vocal we remember of Meyerbeer’s, and the accompaniment developing a marked and original character, to which the general tone is given by a very novel figure in the bass, treated in a most skilful manner. The transition to A flat, page 3, and the reprise of the first key, form an interesting and natural episode. Being in two verses, without any change in the melody and accompaniments, we presume the “Inconsolabile” must be deemed a ballad, but it is, nevertheless, far superior to nine specimens out of ten of that form of vocal music.

No. 4, “L’Orfano,” if we may be allowed a preference where all is unexceptionally good, would be our especial choice among the present set of songs. It is in the key of B flat, and the unusual measure of 12-8 gives great flow and largeness to the melody. The accompaniment is very *recherché*, yet at the same time extremely natural and easy. There is very little modulation, but what there is is introduced with exceeding taste. The episode, which arrives unexpectedly on the harmony of the 6-4, in the key of C, upon the words “Spera! Spera!” is graceful and charming; and the short transition to F minor, arriving by natural progressions to the 6-4 in A, in the key of D minor, has both a new and an agreeable effect. The *reprise* of the theme, however, which occurs here, is the only point to which we object in the song. The progression of which we have spoken, at the point where the 6-4 in D minor is attained, is there abandoned, and the common chord of F, in the next bar (page 4, bar 1), is introduced, while the voice

holds on a long F, as the dominant harmony of B flat, by means of which the original key is resumed. It would have been better to have introduced a full close in the key of D minor, at the end of the progression before mentioned, previous to returning to the key of B flat. With this, criticism stops, the rest of "L'Orfano" being unexceptionably beautiful.

No. 5, "La Violetta," is a sparkling arietta in F, pleasing not only on account of its simplicity, but for the grace and freshness of its melody. The accompaniment is in keeping with the character of the song, a sort of tripping measure of dotted notes *à la guitarro*. The episode in A is naturally introduced, and gives an agreeable relief; but we do not exactly sympathise with the abrupt way in which the chord of the 6-4 on C is taken after the common chord of A, to lead back to the key of F. This, however, is a matter of taste.

No. 6, "Vola, Vola," is another arietta in the same key, of a character somewhat more tender and gracious, if we may be permitted the word. The accompaniment consists entirely of distributed chords effectively imitating the harp. The theme is the venerable one of a lover who wafts a sigh over mountains and seas, as a poetical sign of love and constancy for his mistress.

In conclusion, this *recueil* of songs is to be welcomed, as a valuable addition to the vocal music of the drawing-room. As a series of pleasant bagatelles, from the pen of a musician who rarely descends to trifles, their influence will probably serve as an antidote to the poison—we use the word thinkingly—which, in the shape of what are termed "sentimental ballads," does so much harm to the musical community.

#### "POOR ROSALIE," Ballad—MEYERBEER.—Hammond.

Here we have Meyerbeer in the very school we have been condemning. "Poor Rosalie" is a sentimental ballad; but the taste and musical feeling of the great dramatic composer has invested it with a grace for which we find no parallel among sentimental ballads in ordinary. The theme is a lament for "Poor Rosalie," who loses her husband by the cruel hand of death, on her absolute wedding day. Poor Rosalie! We are indebted to her, nevertheless, for the plaintive melody and unpretending accompaniment of Meyerbeer, who has painted her sorrows with true and unaffected expression.

#### "BRILLIANT GALOP"—For the Pianoforte.—J. R. LING.—Joseph Williams.

A lively well-marked galop, which, besides being a good dance tune, is a useful practice for octaves in the right hand, and skips of chords in the left.

#### "LA VIVIENDIERE"—Polka—Jullien & Co.

Whoever wrote this anonymous polka, it opens with a short introduction, which reminds us strongly of the "Light of other days." Whoever wrote this polka, the first theme, in semiquavers, is exceedingly pretty and catching; but the trio, in quavers, is so like it in character, that a certain monotony is the consequence. Whoever wrote this polka has made the mistake of pitching his introduction, first subject, trio and coda all in one key—A flat. Four pages of A flat, without intermission, tonic and dominant, is enough to damage a nice polka than "La Viviendaire"—and there are few nicer in their way, but for this one defect.

#### "THE CUCKOO GALOP"—GUNGL—Henry Distin.

This is a galop in E, for piano and cornet-à-pistons, emulating the peculiar note of the bird of which it bears the name, with echoes. For the kind of thing it affects to be, it is very good. It does not pretend to much originality, and, indeed, it would require the fancy of a Mendelssohn to get anything new out of such a theme. The cuckoo has been fairly exhausted, plucked of all his plumes—died, and was buried long ago, like Cock Robin. Who killed him? Signor Vivaldi, who wasted him to a shadow in his famous Cuckoo Concerto. His ghost hovered, with a sweet note, on the banks of a rivulet, in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, since which even his manes have disappeared from the land of harmony—

until now, Mr. Gungl, with the aid of a piano and cornet-à-pistons, has striven to invoke his spirit back, in a galop—with how much success we leave to the decision of our readers, to whom we recommend the present lively dance, as worthy of consideration, without reference to cuckoos, past, present, or to come, or to any other bird, beast, fish, insect, animalcule, or atom. What's in a name?

#### "THE NONPAREIL QUADRILLES."—H. Tolhurst.—C. Jefferys.

"Nonpareil" is a bold title, since it insinuates no less than that Mr. Tolhurst's Quadrilles have no parallel on the face of the music shelf. Without according this absolute supremacy of merit, we accord that the quadrilles of Mr. Tolhurst are well arranged for four hands, and make a lively duet. The first figure, in A minor (we admire the composer who sets off with his "Pantalon" in the minor key), is bold and stirring. The second, in F, offers some difficulties to the performer on the left, who must supply ready fingers for the bass to the counter theme in C. No. 3, "La Poule," is flowing, after the manner of Poules. No. 4, in C, is a vigorous "Trenise," and would be the best figure of the lot, but for No. 5, in A, which is better. Here the player on the right must mind his P's and Q's; otherwise the triplet variation, in semiquavers, is likely to lead him into a brilliant *fiasco*. We repeat, the Nonpareil Quadrilles, without being nonpareil, constitute a very lively piece of dance music, *à quatre mains*.

#### "COME TO ME,"—Canzonet for voice and piano. John Barnett. Wessel and Co.

Mr. John Barnett cannot be dismissed with a line, although the crowded state of our columns reduces us to the necessity of confining our observations to as few words as are consistent with his pretensions and our own good-will. The theme of the words of this canzonet is grave, and treats of graves. Living sisters bewail the loss of a sister deceased. Such a theme is not uncongenial to the expressive qualities of Mr. Barnett's music, and, in setting it to harmonized melody, the popular composer of the *Mountain Sylph* has not descended beneath his ordinary level, which means that he has written something quite beyond the commonplace, if not remarkable for extraordinary depth, or *frappante* originality. The key of the song is A flat, the key of expression *par excellence*, and the key in which Mr. John Barnett has pighted some of the most beautiful of his vocal pieces. The opening symphony is graceful, and in line 2 the transition into F flat—which, were the notation other (E, for example) would be enharmonic—and back again to A flat, by the 6-4, is one of those favourite points of Spohr which Mr. John Barnett has so often and so felicitously appropriated to himself. The melody of the first part of the canzonet is low and plaintive; low, because written for a contralto voice; plaintive, because the subject is plaintive. The harmonization of this is at once rich and pure—qualities not always found together. The second part, which modulates from A flat into B major, is less to our liking. At page 3, bars 2, 3, in the symphony, we thoroughly object to the chord of the 6-3, on B natural, passing to that of the 6-5-3, on B flat. The effect is neither natural nor pleasing. This is redeemed, however, in the same page, by a flowing symphony of gracefully distributed arpeggios, in the key of A flat minor, on a dominant pedal, finely harmonized, while the elaboration of the accompaniment in semiquavers, at the reprise of the theme in the major, is skilful and highly finished, and the development of the whole in the coda exceedingly beautiful.

We can recommend this canzonet as one of the best of Mr. John Barnett's vocal compositions for the chamber, and that is not saying a little. Miss Dolby's name is on the title-page, and we recommend the publisher not to take it off; Miss Dolby's name is a forerunner of popularity, and her voice the sure road to public appreciation. This canzonet forms No. 82 of the British Vocal Album, one of the richest collections of compositions for the voice, by English writers, ever published.

**LIVERPOOL.**—The boys in connexion with the Collegiate Institution gave their annual concert on Tuesday evening, in the presence of about 1,500 auditors.—*Liverpool Mail*, June 21.

## FIDELIO AND CRUVELLI.

Honour to who the sceptre wields  
That threads thy mystic score,  
And bears us thro' its many fields  
With such unerring lore.

Honour to her whose chasten'd strain,  
So tender and so true,  
Gives us that melody again  
In its own pristine hue!

No frantic or convulsive strife,  
But deeper, purer, tone,  
Pourtrays the sad heart-stricken wife,  
In grandeur all her own.

Her accents patient and divine,  
Now to Heav'n's footstool tower,  
Now dive into the unsounded mine  
Of passion's deepest power,

Oh, wondrous mind that couldst impart  
Such sweet and lofty thought,  
Inspired by feeling for thine art,  
That never can be taught!

KATHARINE F. CARTWRIGHT.

## CRUVELLI'S FIDELIO.

On Saturday night *Fidelio* was again performed to a fashionable and crowded audience. The demand for boxes and stalls had, we understood, been so great as to continue long after the last place at the disposal of the direction had been allotted. Mdlle. Cruvelli again triumphantly vindicated her reputation, and by her fire, vigour, and brilliancy aroused a series of plaudits, which descended in volleys, rather than in the milder form of showers, throughout the opera. She was called for at the end of each act, and renewed and enthusiastic cheering marked the audiences' sense of the genius she evinced in the difficult personation she achieves in so masterly a manner. The arrangements for the season will, it is announced, prevent her appearing more than once again in the part of *Fidelio* for a considerable time, and the night which for the present terminates the triumphant run of the opera is that of Thursday next. The assemblage of such an audience as that of Saturday night, to witness an opera the success of which depends so little upon outward adornments, or upon strong dramatic interest, and so essentially upon the attraction of first-class music adequately executed and illustrated by exquisite acting, is no unsatisfactory sign of the progress which musical taste has made in England; a taste which, it is just to remember, must have been fostered chiefly by the continuous presentation of works of the superior class at an establishment with the artistic resources of a grand house.

*Morning Chronicle*

The triumphant run of *Fidelio* continues, and not even during the height of the Lind fever was Her Majesty's Theatre more crowded than it was on Saturday evening. Every portion of the house was crammed, and many were compelled to leave the theatre before the commencement of the performances for want of space for their accommodation. Mdlle. Sofie Cruvelli was in superb voice, and the brilliancy of her singing, with the impassioned fire and exquisite pathos of her acting, excited her audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. At the conclusion of each act she was called on and greeted with the most rapturous cheering, while ever and anon during the course of the performance the delight of the audience would burst forth in a hurricane of plaudits, the

genuine and irrepressible expression of a heartfelt admiration. We regret to learn that the arrangements of the theatre will only permit this opera to be repeated once more for some weeks, viz., Thursday next.

Sun

## Dramatic Intelligence.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—FRENCH PLAYS.—The part of Hermione, in Racine's tragedy of *Andromaque*, was the first played by Mdlle. Rachel in England, and that which laid the foundation of the high reputation she has since attained. Although the character is not considered her best, there is no other in the whole range of her *repertoire* which exhibits a more striking evidence of her great power of discrimination and her faculty of individualizing her conceptions by a succession of delicate shadows of expression. In other parts the *artiste* may please the general public more, but in Hermione she satisfies the critic more particularly by the completeness of her delineation. The character requires to be studied and meditated. The intention is not self-evident from the commencement; we are in doubt as to the author's intentions; the motives of action are of a more complex nature and require the deepest knowledge of the human heart. Mdlle. Rachel's bursts of rage, her expressions of hatred, her sarcastic sallies perplex and puzzle us, and it is only in the last act that we are fully enlightened and arrive at a complete conception of the real nature of the personage, and thus fully appreciate the picture drawn by the actress; then we discover that her portraiture of the abandoned princess is one of the most ably conceived and consummately artistic performances the stage has seen. Mademoiselle Rachel is, perhaps, more finished in the part of Hermione than in any other of her impersonations. The all-forgiving, ever-hopeful love cherished, in spite of the malignant anger and wild projects of revenge in which her wounded pride and slighted affection find vent, was powerfully indicated by Mademoiselle Rachel. The uncertain smile which, from time to time, plays upon her lips, in the early scenes, in the midst of her furious railings and bitter invectives were admirably in keeping with the character. When reproaching Oreste for having obeyed her commands she exclaims:—

"Oh! fallait-il en croire une amante insensée!  
Ne devais-tu pas lire au fond de ma pensée."

Hope having at last abandoned her, and the object of her love and hatred being lost to her for ever, despair was terribly depicted in her countenance. Every feature became distorted and quivered with strong emotion, and the expression of horror and disgust with which she left the stage, after overwhelming Oreste with a torrent of imprecations, was one of those portraiture of intense tragic power impossible to describe, but which leave an expression never to be forgotten.

On Monday last Mr. Soumet's play of *Jeanne d'Arc* was performed for the first time these five years. As we said, on the occasion of its first production, we now repeat, that the piece itself is utterly unworthy of the great *tragédienne*. Indeed, we have rarely seen a tragedy so utterly devoid of interest, from the sheer incompetence betrayed by the author in the most simple elements of his craft. The theory of the unities was certainly an enormous difficulty in his way; yet a better command of language, a more correct versification, a slight insight into the secrets of dramatic effect, a little energy,—would have done much to remove that difficulty, and to give an individuality to his personages in which at present they are destitute. The Maid of Orleans is little better than

a sketch; and if the picture in our minds, after seeing Mademoiselle Rachel's impersonation, had aught of form or colour, we are indebted to the poetical genius of the actress, and in no wise to the author, who has done his best to degrade her to the vulgarest level. The character of Bedford is quite the reverse of what we have hitherto been accustomed to consider the valiant regent of England. That of the young Duke of Burgundy, Philippe le Bon, as he was called, is a simple bully. In the whole play there is but one scene which possesses the least dramatic interest—the interview between Jeanne d'Arc and Burgundy—when the heroine attempts to convert the Duke to the French cause. In many of these passages Mademoiselle Rachel rises to the level of her highest inspirations. The eagerness with which she pours forth her arguments, alternately rebuking and exhorting her antagonist; her anxious glance—her supplicating posture—her extended arms—her inspired accent, as if she would transfuse her own conviction into her adversary, and the burst of triumph with which she at last exclaims, "Ah! je lis dan ce cœur, qu'il redevient fidèle," strongly captivated the attention of the audience, and were listened to with intense eagerness. In Rachel's performance of this part there is, as in all her characters, a well sustained individuality. The poet has had no hand in Rachel's Jeanne d'Arc. It is entirely her own creation. The characteristic points are broadly marked, the image of the maiden warrior admirably portrayed. There is a restless wildness in the expression of the eye, indicative of the inward working of the soul, as in her captivity she reverts to her childhood, to the days of her communion with her spiritual monitors, or to the more recent scenes of war. In the midst of all these emotions we have continually before our eyes her inflexible firmness of faith in her divine mission. It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful picture than that presented by Madile. Rachel, when, in the last scene, she mounts the funeral pile, grasping her banner, her eyes uplifted in ecstatic devotion, her face radiant with divine inspiration. The effect produced was such as can never be erased from the memory. We were almost inclined to forgive the author his piece, and be grateful that he had afforded at least a pretence for this divine picture, thus adding a new character to the already numerous conceptions of Mademoiselle Rachel.

J. DE C.—

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—Mr. Hacket, the American comedian, who made his début a year or two ago at this theatre made his *entrée* on Tuesday evening in the character of Falstaff in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Mr. Hacket has many qualifications for the part, his reading is correct, and his *vis comica* unexceptionable: he received many hearty bursts of applause in the course of the evening, and he made a decidedly favorable impression on the audience. Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Miss Reynolds were full of spirit and gaiety as the "merry wives." Mr. Davenport was excellent in Ford, and Buckstone made the audience "roar again," as Master Slender. The other characters were respectably filled. We are happy to say the houses have been excellent during the week.

**OLYMPIC.**—Those who love rustic grace and vivacity, combined with impassioned simplicity and feeling, should go and see Mrs. Stirling in Mark Leman's piece, *Hearts are Trumps*, which has been played here in the course of the week, and which, unquestionably in a great measure, owes its long career of success to the charming personation of the heroine by this lady, who, moreover, looks as young and handsome as ever she did. Of the new holiday piece, *The Devil and Doctor Faustus*, we have but little to say; the subject is rather threadbare. The story differs somewhat from the usual versions—the compact of Faustus with the Demons of Darkness is imaginary

only, the whole having been contrived by a sort of titulary Angel of the Doctor's who, after informing him that she has been "playing the devil" with him to point out the errors of his ways, dismisses him with a good-natured injunction to go and mend them. The scenery and appointments are appropriate and splendid, and the piece does not want recommendations to the holiday folks. Miss Fielding, who enacts the devil, is a clever actress of the Vestris school, and Mr. Henry Farren, who is a better melo-dramatic actor than we thought him, makes a good Faustus, but as the piece is unsupported either by the talents of Compton or Mrs. Stirling, or by the beauty of Louisa Howard, it dragged somewhat to our refined critical faculties (confound them, that we can no longer see on these occasions with a school-boy's vision). However, if the piece drags, it also *draws*, and so away with wire drawn objections and hypercritical analyses. The new farce of *The Fast Coach* has been written to introduce Mr. Compton as a mendicant trader, assuming the character of coach—i. e. tutor to a young Cantab. In both personations, he is, of course, supremely comical. The house was very well filled. —G.

(Omitted last week.)

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday *Fidelio* (eighth time), attracted an immense house. Cravelli was as great as ever in *Leonora*. The charming Marie Taglioni, also, who made her first appearance this season, added to the attractions. The old and popular ballet, *La Sylphide*, or rather a fragment of it, was revived for the occasion, and put upon the stage with excellent effect. We have seldom seen any thing of the kind, even at Her Majesty's Theatre, prettier or more effective than the grouping and dancing of the choreographs in the different *pas des Sylphides*. Marie Taglioni was received with genuine warmth. That she is immensely improved is the general impression, and that she has acquired strength, ease, grace, and decision, since last season, none, we think, can deny. Some of her steps on Saturday night, were novel and curious, and excited the admiration of the *dilettanti*. Marie Taglioni was greatly successful, and was honoured with a recall and a bouquet at the fall of the curtain.

On Tuesday the immortal *Barbiere* was given, but demands no remark beyond the affirmation that the music of Rossini is much better when not interfered with by the singers, who usually take such unmerciful liberties with it. The "Ah! qual colpo" trio, as sung on Tuesday night, is a good instance of the injury done to Rossini's music by not adhering to the score. The opera in general was well performed. *La Sylphide* followed.

*Il Prodigio* was repeated on Wednesday—a Grand Extra Night—and *Fidelio* (ninth time) on Thursday, with a *divertissement* for Amalia Ferraris; Gnecco's comic operetta, *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, for Madame Ugalde and Lablache; and *La Sylphide*. Cravelli was absolutely grander and more magnificent than ever in *Leonora* on Thursday, and Beethoven's music was listened to with a keener relish than ever, and with more thorough appreciation. Madame Ugalde made a decided impression in the heroine of *La Prova* by the *esprit* of her acting, and the astonishing manner in which she executed the florid music. In the introduced French cavatina, especially, she created a *furore*, and was recalled after her exit. The *rossignol* of the *Opera Comique* has established her reputation with the English public beyond the shadow of a dispute.

Last night *Il Prodigio* was again given, and to-night Cravelli is announced for *Norma*, being her last appearance in that character this season.

Thalberg's new opera, entitled, *Florinda; or the Moors in Spain*, will be produced on Thursday, being a Subscription night in lieu of Saturday, which is a command night, when the Queen and Court will visit the theatre in state. The most splendid preparations are being made for the reception of Her Majesty and suite. A number of boxes on the grand tier and on the tier above will be taken to form one grand State Box, which will be magnificently furnished and decorated.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The tide of prosperity is evidently setting in for the Italian operas. For the last three weeks the houses at this theatre have been invariably good, and on Saturday evening, as might have been expected—the occasion being the first performance of Meyerbeer's great work, the *Prophète*, and the first appearance this season of Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia, the original representative of the part of Fides, both in Paris and London—a short time after the doors were open there was no standing room, and hundreds were sent away disappointed. While the old *répertoire* continues to be so attractive Mr. Gye may well exclaim "What have I to do with novelty?"

The distribution of characters in the *Prophète* was, with one exception, the same as last year. That exception, however, was important; and it is only just to say that the assistance of the new tenor, Signor Stigelli, in the part of Jonas, gave a weight and decision to the music of the three Anabaptists which it has not previously enjoyed in London. Herr Formes, as Zacharia, fulfills every requisite, vocal and histrionic; and a more competent artist than Signor Polonini could not easily be found for the part of Mathisen. The trio in the tent of Jean of Leyden, for Jonas, Zacharia, and Oberthal (Signor Tagliafico), was executed, for the first time in our remembrance, with the proper spirit. Each of the three artists did his best, the music of the several parts was distinctly heard, and the dramatic interest admirably sustained throughout. Meyerbeer himself, the most difficult and exacting of composers, would, we think, have been satisfied with the manner in which this trio (considered by musicians the finest piece in the opera), was performed.

The event of the evening was, of course, the re-appearance of Madame Viardot, whose flattering reception proved the high esteem in which she is held by the English public. Fides, in the hands of this talented actress and experienced singer, is one of the most elaborate performances of the modern stage. Sympathising with the peculiarity of Meyerbeer's music, Madame Viardot gives importance to every phrase, every word she has to utter; and yet, amidst the extreme labour bestowed upon details, she contrives to create a general impression which stamps her idea of the character with unanswerable consistency. Her conception of Fides, indeed, presents no room for cavil; the picture she draws, though gloomy, is grand; though monotonous, is earnest and impressive. True, it is impossible not to be conscious that Madame Viardot is acting; since none can deny that deep study, rather than impulsive genius, is the secret of the effect she produces. Without genius, and without those endowments of voice and grace of movement and gesture which too often make up the sum of attractions in popular dramatic singers, Madame Viardot has effected wonders by the aid of art alone. She is, in fact, the most consummate of artists, and herein lies the difference between her and her great sister, Malibran, to compare her with whom would be absurd. The monotony complained of in Madame Viardot's impersonation

of Fides—which not to own would argue a want of perception, or a desire to shirk criticism—is derived from her execution, not from her conception of the character. This was apparent on Saturday night, when the dramatic "points" were brought out in stronger relief than on former occasions; and as, on the other hand, the voice of the singer, never very remarkable for freshness and power, though preserving its compass, has somewhat deteriorated in those qualities since last season, an air of artifice and effort was evident which fatigued both the eye and the ear. It has been observed of Madame Viardot, and with truth, that her first performances of a new character are invariably the best. Her admirable judgment and intelligence always help her to a just conception; but what she does well at the outset, anxious to do better as she progresses, she too frequently overdoes, and thus lays herself open to the charge of exaggeration. Those who remember the *Prophète* in 1849, when it was originally produced at the Royal Italian Opera, if their memory served them, must have remarked several examples of what we adduce in Saturday evening's performance. To pass over minor matters, let us at once go to the grand situation of the opera, the scene in Munster Cathedral, where the coronation of Jean of Leyden, the prophet, is celebrated. Madame Viardot excels in the portraiture of deep and absorbing grief; and this has been the abiding charm of her acting in the scene we have named. But, by force of continual elaboration, of anxiety to improve that which was perfect at the beginning, she has run the risk of outstepping the limits of natural expression. Her anguish at beholding her son, in the person of the impostor she has hated and despised, was less inward and deep-seated than outward and vehement; she seemed to suffer from the influence of physical pain rather than bow under the weight of mental affliction. Her gestures were overstrained, and what she had to say or do she took so long, at times, in saying and doing that the interest was in danger of evaporating before the point had been gained. Be it observed that these exaggerations are not to be viewed as the exaggerations of a young artist, whose impulse occasionally overleaps her means of performance, but of one long practised to the stage, a thorough mistress of her resources, who has nothing to be taught in the mechanism of her calling. They must, therefore, be attributed to errors in taste, and are the more to be lamented.

As a vocalist, Madame Viardot must be cited among the most extraordinary the art has known. By dint of singular perseverance, aided by a strong musical organization, and an acquaintance with the theory and practice of music very unusual in singers, she has subdued nature to her will, and reduced an ungrateful voice, wanting alike in volume, power, and sweetness, to absolute submission. Madame Viardot can do anything with her voice, and is equally a mistress of the *cantabile* and *bravura*—of which the two pathetic airs, in F sharp and E minor ("O Figlio mio," and "Pieta, Pieta, Signori"), and the grand recitative air, and *cabaletta*, in A flat, of the last act ("O fero mio destino") may be cited as proofs. Her facility is prodigious, and the ease with which she mingles the higher and lower registers of the voice, in her *cadenzas*, although sometimes abused as a medium of effect, cannot be too much admired. A fault of her *cantabile* singing is that it is occasionally overdrawn, while her *cadenzas* (instance those introduced on Saturday night, in the airs—"O Figlio mio" and "Pieta, Pieta, Signori") are not always in good keeping. Her execution of *bravura* music has no drawback except want of power in the upper notes; but for this nature must be blamed, and not Madame Viardot, who has acquired all that art can disclose to conceal or palliate the deficiency. One fine quality in her declamatory singing is

the clear and distinct manner in which she articulates the words, wherein alone she resembles Malibran. On Saturday night, the air, "Pietà, Pietà"—in which Fides asks alms for her son, whom she supposes dead, and wishes to propitiate Heaven, by masses, in his behalf—developed this quality to admiration. But for a *cadenza*, too quaint and elaborate for a theme so simple and essentially pathetic, it would, have been perfect. Her crowning effort, however, was the scene and air of the last act, in which Fides first curses and then offers up prayers for the Prophet. As a display of powerful execution this was quite masterly; and the effect it produced would have been redoubled could Madame Viardot have sung it with less of that restless and continual movement to and fro, and that superabundance of emphatic gesture, with which she accompanied almost every successive phrase.

Signor Mario has now almost entirely regained his powers, and his performance of the part of Jean of Leyden was as powerful and splendid as it has ever been. If we wished to establish the truth of our criticism upon Madame Viardot by an example in which the absence of the peculiarities we arraign is remarkable, we need only point to Mario, who, in the coronation scene, attains the very height of dramatic expression by the easiest and most natural means. His demeanour when bending over Fides, with arms outstretched to perform the supposed miracle, was perfect. The face alone, with silent eloquence, told the story of the feelings that must have inwardly racked the heart of the Prophet. There were no convulsive starts, no superfluous gestures; a trembling of the whole frame was enough to convey the emotion of the actor. The sudden courage when, having asked the question of Fides—"Tuo figlio io son?" he approaches the Anabaptists, unshrinking from the contact of their threatening weapons, was assumed with a majesty of presence and a severity of regard that showed the Prophet fit to wear a crown. The tones of Mario's voice, in the alternate questions to his mother and appeals to the Anabaptists, had a sweetness and solemnity of which we can recollect no parallel. His singing throughout the opera was exceedingly fine; the narration of his dream to the Anabaptists, and the graceful air which follows, "Un impero piu soave" (Act 1-2), were beautifully given. But it was not till the scene in the camp, where Jean of Leyden quells the discontent of his turbulent followers, by promising to lead them on to Munster, that Mario put forth all his full powers. Up to this point, perhaps doubtful of his thorough convalescence, he husbanded his resources. We have rarely heard a more magnificent example of declamatory singing than the prayer and chorus, ending with the powerful appeal of the Prophet—"Re del cielo e de beati,"—which brings down the curtain on the second act with such brilliant effect, and on Saturday first roused the public to an expression of enthusiasm, terminating in a unanimous recall for Mario. Of the coronation scene we have said enough. The last act, with the exception of Madame Viardot's air, was as prosy and tiresome as ever, until the final scene, where the Prophet, in despair at the death of Bertha, his affianced bride, dooms himself and his enemies to one common destruction at a banquet. Here occurs the famous bacchanal, "Beviam, e intorno giri," the first verse of which, though well sung and much applauded, was not entirely up to the mark; but the second surpassed in force and energy any previous effort of Mario in this favourite air. The volume of tone he produced was only equalled by its beauty, and the spirit with which the sparkling tune was delivered completely carried the audience by storm, and there was a loud demand for a repetition from all parts of the house, which, however, Mr. Costa

had the good taste and decision to check by immediately proceeding with the subsequent music.

To the general execution of the opera we have little but praise to award. Madame Castellan exhibited her accustomed intelligence and energy in the part of Bertha, and sang the *aria* of the first scene (interpolated by Meyerbeer, expressly on her account, when Madame Castellan first undertook the part at Paris) with brilliant facility. The chorus was admirable, and the "All' armi!" assisted by the powerful bass of Formes, and the piercing tones of Stigelli, the tenor, was excuted with great force and precision. The band played superbly, and Mr. Costa, whose appearance in the orchestra was hailed with genuine applause, was entirely in his element. In the skating scene some curtailment is advisable, which, as it arrests the progress of the drama considerably would do no harm. The opening chorus, where the Anabaptists are engaged in menacing the prisoners with threats that lead to nothing, is burdened with such a silly and unmeaning stage action that its loss would be unfelt; while the dancing, except in the case of the clever and active Mademoiselle Louise Taglioni, not being first-rate, might reasonably be abridged. The coronation in the cathedral presented the usual pomp and splendour, and although there appears to be a diminution in the ranks of the supernumeraries, the general effect cannot be said to suffer from their absence.—*Times*.

On Tuesday the *Prophète* was to be repeated, but owing to Sig. Mario having a sore throat *Don Giovanni* was substituted, and on Thursday the *chef d'œuvre* of Mozart was repeated, on both occasions the house being crowded. Tonight *Norma* and the last act of *Fidelio* will be given.

The opera commanded by Her Majesty for the State attendance at this theatre is Mozart's *Zauberflöte* (*Il Flauto Magico*), which will include Grisi, Mario, Formes, Ronconi, Stigelli, Castellan, Bertrandt, and Mdlle. Anna Zerr (who is expressly engaged to perform the part of the Queen of Night) in the cast.

### Original Correspondence.

#### THE LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY AND PRIZE ANTHEMS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

20th June, 1851.

Sir,—I have waited anxiously, and carefully read your paper for some weeks past, to ascertain if any reply had been vouchsafed to my inquiries respecting the prizes proposed to be given by this Society for Orchestral Anthems.

The evasive reply of F. I. S., shown by your next week's correspondent (*Honestas*) to be untrue in spirit, if not in letter, coupled with the absence of any further explanation, leads me to the conclusion, that there is really no intention on the part of the Society to offer the prizes in question.

Your readers, and the profession generally, will properly appreciate the spirit actuating the directors of this institution in thus trifling with the feelings of English composers, for the sake of a little notoriety.

I merely add, that if want of funds should be put forward hereafter, as an excuse for such conduct, that, the sums spent in trying to puff into ephemeral notice the Psalm Tunes so constantly advertised as "REHEARSED" at the Monday meetings, would have much more than sufficed to carry out the original expressed intention.

I am, Sir, Yours,

A CHURCH MUSICIAN.

## WEIPPERT AND BOSIO.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

21, Soho Square, June 23rd, 1851.

Sir.—In a paragraph of the *Musical World*, published last Saturday, the 21st instant, it is stated that M. Bosio has arrived from Paris for the purpose of conducting Mr. Weippert's band. I have certainly effected an engagement with the above Artists to "lead my band," but I still retain to myself the conductorship of my own band, which I think you will admit is natural enough. Apologising for the intrusion upon your space and time,

I have the honor to remain,

21, Soho Square.

Your obedient servant,  
JOHN WEIPPERT.

## Provincial.

DUBLIN.—Her Excellency the Countess of Clarendon, accompanied by her interesting children the Ladies Alice, Constance, and Emily Villiers (pupils of Miss Allen), honoured the academy of Mrs. Allen, Gardiner's-row, with a *third* visit on Thursday afternoon, the 12th instant. The Viceregal party arrived at a quarter past three o'clock, and remained until six, during which time the following selection of music was admirably rendered by the young ladies under tuition at the academy:—

Elementary performance, comprising a selection of lessons from the "First Companion and its Sequel," played simultaneously, and interspersed with alternate solos . . . . . Variations Elegantes (Eerin, No. 1) Military Duet in E flat—simultaneously, by twenty performers . . . . . Duet, March from "The Prophet" . . . . . Blue Bell of Scotland, with variations, simultaneously, and with alternate solos . . . . . Valse Duet—"Les jolies filles de parmes" Homage à Schubert (No. 14), "The Postman's horn is sounding near," simultaneously . . . . . Fantasia on the national airs of "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia" Reminiscences de Beethoven, simultaneously Fantasia on the Prayer in "Mose in Egitto" The Wedding March, from "The Midsummer Night's Dream," simultaneously . . . . . Fantasia on subjects from Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" . . . . . Triumphal March, simultaneously, by twenty performers . . . . . Grand Concertante Quartet for four pianofortes (as performed in London by Czerny, Moscheles, Pixis, and Thalberg) . . . . .

WESTON.—OPENING OF A NEW ORGAN.—Two full services took place on Wednesday, the 26th inst., at St. John's Church, Weston, on the occasion of the opening of the organ which has been erected in that edifice. The sermons were preached by the Rev. Edward Tottenham and the Rev. H. M. Searth. The organ has been built by Mr. Clark, of Monmouth-place in this city, and it possesses the purity of tone and excellence of mechanism which characterize the instruments of the builder.

## Miscellaneous.

MISS BASSANO AND MR. KUHE.—These well-known and highly esteemed professors, respectively of the vocal and instrumental art, gave their annual concert in conjunction on Tuesday morning last, at the Hanover Square Rooms, to an audience crowded to inconvenience. Gallantry dictates that we should first speak of the lady. Miss Bassano has now for some years occupied a distinguished position among our native vocalists. Her style is varied,

her voice mellow and flexible, partaking somewhat of the contralto quality (without its weight), though strictly speaking belonging to a mezzo-soprano category. On the present occasion Miss Bassano sang three times, Meyerbeer's aria, "Pieta, pieta" (*Prophete*) Rossini's cavatina, "Penso alla Patria," and a ballad by Angelina in all of which she evinced the best qualities of expression and facility, giving to each its appropriate colouring, adding nothing, subtracting nothing, and obtaining the hearty applause of her audience, to which well-directed efforts, agreeable manner, pure and telling voice, and practical experience in the art vocal fully entitled her. Herr Kuhe has steadily won himself a name and a reputation in this country. He came over originally with Herr Pischek, in 1846, on a joint speculation. The singer succeeded, and returned to his own country with money-bags. The pianist did little, or nothing, and returned to his own country unconsolate. It was not till later that the beneficent Jenny Lind, the nightingale of Sweden, took Herr Kuhe under the shadow of her wings, gave a concert for him in fatherland, and changed the fortunes of the zealous and intelligent pianist. From that moment his star began to rise. He came to England, and accompanied Jenny Lind to Brighton, and there laid the foundation of a connection which has since been consolidated to one of most honourable and lucrative enjoyed by any professor in the provinces. Herr Kuhe makes an annual visit to London during the season. On the present occasion he wisely united his interest with that of the popular artist whose talents we have just been criticising. Since we first heard Herr Kuhe his progress as a pianist has been indeed remarkable. On Tuesday morning he performed, with Ernst, the andante and variations from Beethoven's sonata in A minor, and two well written fantasias of his own composition, one on airs from the *Prophete*, and another on airs from Flotow's *Martha*. Herr Kuhe played admirably, and exhibited a firm touch, round tone, and great brilliancy of execution. He was loudly applauded in all his pieces. The other performers were Ernst, Piatti, Madame Parish Alvars, Catherine Hayes, Miss Birch, Mdlle. Johannsen, Herr Pischek, Herr Stigelli, Signor Marchesi, and Herr Stockhausen. Ernst, besides the andante from Beethoven's sonata with Herr Kuhe, played his fantasias on Hungarian airs magnificently, and Piatti introduced a violoncello fantasias with extraordinary success. Catherine Hayes was in splendid voice, and sang Meyerbeer's "Ah! mon fils," with immense effect. She also gave a ballad by Bileta with irresistible expression. In brief—the concert was a first-rate one, and appeared to satisfy everybody.

On SATURDAY last, June 21st, Miss E. Day and Mr. J. Day gave a *matinée musicale* at the New Beethoven Rooms, Queen-Anne-st., which was fashionably and fully attended. The concert commenced with a trio by Silas, well executed by the *beneficiaries* and Herr Hausmann; and, after a duet from the *Italiana in Algeri*, Mr. Richardson delighted his auditory with a solo on Siccama's Diatonic flute. The composition was remarkable for its simplicity, while the variations gave ample scope to the author and performer for the most brilliant execution, and we only regret that so pretty a composition has not yet been baptised or published. Mr. Adolph Gallmick's grand fantasias on the pianoforte was deservedly applauded, and Mr. John Day's solo on the violin was most ably executed, although the music, a sort of Turkish Dance, was not of the happiest selection. Great credit is due to both these gentlemen for the manner in which they conducted the concert, and for the selection given. Mr. Hausmann's violoncello solo was beautifully executed, evincing a delicacy of fingering, which even in these times of prodigies and wonders in the musical world, elicited the most hearty applause. The vocal performances were not equal to the instrumental, but Grisia, Cruvelis, Albonis and Sontags are not to be met with every day; but justice compels us to say that Miss Laura Baxter and Mdlle. Graumann sang very nicely. Signor Marchesi gave Mozart's "Non piu Andrai" in a spirited manner. Miss Ellen Day performed several times on the pianoforte in her usually brilliant style.

HERR KAUFFMANN AND SON, from Dresden, gave the first of a series of three musical performances on Tuesday evening last, at St. Martin's Hall, when they introduced for the first time in this country their newly-invented instruments called the Harmonichord, the Orchestron, the Symphonium, the Chordaulodion, and the

**Trumpet Automaton.** Herr Kaufermann played on the harmonichord, which is the only one of the instruments that is not self-acting, and attracted in a remarkable degree the attention of his audience. The orchestrion was then made to perform selections from *Azor and Zemira*, *Judas Maccabeus*, and *Don Juan*, during the course of which the different effects produced in an orchestra by means of the flute, flageolet, cornet, trumpet, bassoon, and kettle drums, were made apparent in an extraordinary manner, so much so, indeed, that it was difficult for the hearer to believe that the real instruments were not being played upon. The chordalodion is an instrument combining the qualities of a piano with that of a wind instrument (the flute), and the symphonium that of a flute, piccolo, clarinet, and the cymbals and drums, are both of them remarkable and pleasing specimens of mechanical ingenuity. The trumpet automaton must also be noted for its singular purity of tone. Herr Kaufermann's second performance has been postponed to the 30th of June, as Her Majesty commanded him to perform last night at the palace. We recommend admirers of the ingenious mechanism to pay a visit to Herr Kaufermann's exhibition.

**MR. BENSON.**—The evening concert of this clever vocalist took place at the Beethoven Rooms, on June 18th. A highly attractive programme was provided. Two of our most distinguished pianists, viz.:—Sterndale Bennett and Lindsay Sloper, assisting in conjunction with Mr. Willy, violin; Mr. Lucas, violoncello; and Mr. Richardson, flute. Mr. Benson's singing was characterised by all the sweetness of tone that we have frequently remarked as being the attributes of his vocalization; and he met on this occasion with the full approbation of the audience, who testified their pleasure by the frequency and liberality of their applause. It is needless to remark now on the beauty of Sterndale Bennett's playing, and the neatness of Lindsay Sloper's execution. Suffice it, they played with their accustomed excellence, and received with their coadjutors, Mr. Willy and M. Rousselot, the frequent commendation of the company, which was as elegant and numerous as could be wished.

**HERR LUDWIG STROFFREGEN.** gave a concert on Friday evening last week, at the Beethoven Rooms, which was well attended. The *beneficiaire* sang two German songs and took part in a quartet by Hiller, and in the " Ribbon" trio of Mozart. Mdlle. Rummel sustained her reputation as an excellent vocalist; and Herr Oberthür received great applause for his execution of a charming little study for the harp, entitled "La Cascade." Herr J. Rummel conducted.

**MISS KATE LODER.**—We omitted to state last week that the concert of this talented pianiste composer announced for the 14th inst., was postponed in consequence of the death of a near relation.

**MESSES. H. AND R. BLAGROVE'S** second quartett and solo concert took place on Friday evening the 20th inst., at the concert rooms in Mortimer-street. It commenced with a MS. quartett by J. L. Ellerton, given in a spirited style by Messrs. H. Blagrove, Clementi, R. Blagrove, and J. Lucas, particularly the *adagio and allegro agitato*, which were very effective. Spohr's duett in E flat, for two violins, was played in a chaste and efficient manner by Messrs. H. Blagrove and Clementi, and Mr. R. Blagrove's solo on the concertina received much applause. Hummel's trio in E major for piano, violin, and violoncello, was a great treat. Herr Pauer's performance of the piano part was received with especial favour; he was ably supported by Messrs. H. Blagrove and Lucas. Miss Thornton sang Molique's charming little song, "Fair Annie," and Beethoven's "Beating Heart that stirs within Thee," in a pleasing and effective manner. The concert concluded with Beethoven's quartett, No. 11, in F minor, which was performed with force and decision, and gave the warmest satisfaction to the audience. The room was well attended.

**MISS EMMA BUSBY'S MATINEE MUSICALE.**—The matinée of this rising young artiste took place at the Beethoven Rooms on June 12th; want of space compelled us to postpone till now our record of the fact, for which apparent neglect, but real necessity, we offer our apologies to the fair *beneficiaire*. Miss Emma Busby's performance was such as to entitle her to high praise. Her improvement is very great since last year, and she promises to become

eventually one of our best lady pianistes. The names in Miss Busby's programme were highly attractive. Herr Deichmann, who made so very favourable an impression at the National concerts, was the violinist. Signor Piatti, violoncellist, M. Tellezen, a pianist of talent, Mdlle. Johannsen, a Danish, and Mdlle. Graumann, a German vocalist, both well known and admired by concert frequenter. The room was fashionably attended, and the concert gave entire satisfaction.

**MR. FREDERICK CHATTERTON,** who has the honour to be named Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen of France (?), and to H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, gave his seventeenth annual morning concert at Willis's Rooms, on June 17th. A crowded and fashionable audience assembled, and appeared highly delighted with the programme, pleasure no doubt greatly enhanced by the announcement of the grand march, composed in honour of H.R.H. Prince Albert, to be played by twelve amateur ladies, pupils of Mr. Frederick Chatterton, on twelve of Erard's harps. The system of making pupils play in public, on an occasion like the present, we consider highly to be commended, as it gives them greater confidence, when performing before their friends at home, than otherwise they could possibly have, and thus tends to increase the social enjoyment of the drawing-room, where music is now so indispensable an adjunct. The instrumentalists named in the programme, were, besides Mr. Frederick Chatterton, the Lockwood family (juvenile harpists, pupils of Mr. F. Chatterton), Mdlle. Coulon, the intelligent and clever pianiste, Miss Rosina Collins, M. Rousselot, Herr Goffrie, Signor Regondi, and Mr. Kiallmark. The concert went off with considerable eclat, and Mr. Frederick Chatterton will have no cause to complain of want of support at the hands of his friends and patrons.

**M. STANISLAS DAVID'S MATINEE.**—M. David, well-known as an accomplished professor of the French language and literature, gave a *Matinée* on Wednesday, at Stafford-house, by permission of her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland. The entertainment consisted of recitals by M. David from some of the best poets, ancient and modern, of France, intermixed with performances on the pianoforte, by Mdlle. C. Meara, songs by Miss Catherine Hayes and M. Levassor, and a scene from Racine's *Athalie*, declaimed by Mdlle. Rachel. The audience was fashionable and numerous. M. David has a plain and sensible method of delivery, enunciates clearly, and gives due importance to points. One of the most successful of his efforts was the fable of the "Chat et le Cuisinier," by Viennet, which he gave with a simplicity of manner, and, so to speak, a *bonhomie* quite in keeping with its bucolic and primitive character. In the fable of the "Deux pigeons," by Lafontaine, he had to fight against the deep impression produced by Mdlle. Rachel, who recounts the same story in the play of *Adrienne Lecourteur*. M. David, indeed, laboured under the effects of a very formidable opposition on Wednesday. Owing to the unexpected absence of Madame Viardot, who had been announced as the counter-attraction of the programme, M. David availed himself of the services of Mdlle. Rachel. This incomparable tragedian, by her dramatic and forcible declamation of the part of Athalie, in the scene where the heroine of Racine's tragedy encounters and questions Joas, her young and fated successor, made such a sensation that everything else in the shape of reading and recital appeared tame and insufficient. Nevertheless, in spite of the absorbing influence of the "Queen of Tragedy," M. David's attempts were received with great encouragement; while the clever performances of Mdlle. Meara, who played some of Chopin's studies on the piano, the irresistible drollery of M. Levassor, exhibited in two of his most popular comic scenes, and the exquisitely graceful ballad-singing of Miss Catherine Hayes (whose success was only second to that of Mdlle. Rachel), imparted an agreeable variety to the entertainment, which appeared to afford the utmost gratification to the audience. The hospitality of the noble owner of the mansion was sufficiently exercised in the course of the performance—refreshments being liberally administered, and every possible attention shown to the visitors.

**IRISH ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**—We are truly gratified to learn that Miss Rainforth, the celebrated English soprano, actuated by that

true love of the art which she adorns, and feeling an interest in an institution which has done already so much to foster the native musical genius of our city, has signified her wish to assist in rendering the forthcoming examination as attractive as a musical treat, as we have no doubt it will prove interesting and satisfactory to the subscribers generally, by placing her most valuable services at the disposal of the committee.—*Saunders.*

**REUNION DES ARTS.**—The promoters of this novel institution had another meeting on Wednesday evening, at the Rooms, in Queen Ann-street.

These "Reunions" have been established for the purpose of encouraging amateurs to enter the lists with artists, not in a spirit of competition, but with the laudable object of inspiring the former with confidence, and dispelling those feelings of nervousness and alarm, which too frequently check their progress, and hinder the development of amateur talent. It was therefore with no small pleasure that we listened to a duet for two cornet-à-pistons, by Messrs. Tatham and Herrmann Lang, who have won the reputation of being two of the most accomplished amateur performers on that instrument in London. We detected, at the commencement of the duet, a few traces of timidity inseparable from a first essay in public; but apprehension subsided quickly, and anxiety gave way to satisfaction at the able manner in which the two gentlemen performed their task. At the conclusion, they received the congratulations of their friends, and the approbation and applause of the entire audience. Madame Johannsen, the Danish vocalist, was warmly applauded in a song à la "Jenny Lind." A solo on the violin by M. Goffrie, was an able and interesting performance; and Madame Goffrie played with spirited and graceful execution a pianoforte *fantasia* which was most favourably received. The singing of Mdlles. Lemaire and Remmell also made a sensible impression. Mr. Chatterton, in a harp solo, achieved a success which is not uncommon to him; and an amateur played the *Carnival of Venice* on the flute. We cannot conclude without offering our congratulations to Messrs. Goffrie and Gollmiche, to whom great credit is due for the spirited manner in which these *Reunions* are conducted.

**Mrs. ANDERSON'S CONCERT.**—The annual morning concert of Mrs. Anderson is always one of the most attractive of the season, and on Friday week was more than usually distinguished by excellence and variety. It was held in the spacious theatre of the Royal Italian Opera, which was crowded by a fashionable and brilliant audience. Mrs. Anderson, who is pianist to Her Majesty and instructress to the Princess Royal, has long held an eminent position among our native performers. Her taste has been remarked for its classical bent, and her choice of Hummel's admirably written *Rondo Brillante* in F (generally known as the *Retour à Londres*), as a solo, and the interesting variations of Mendelssohn and Moscheles on the march in Weber's *Preciosa*, as a duet with her pupil, Miss Kirkham, sustained her reputation in this particular. Both these pieces were executed in a manner that delighted the audience, who were liberal and unanimous in their tokens of approval. Miss Kirkham, who appears very young, is a highly promising player, and already discloses a talent which is likely to do honour to her able and experienced professor. Mrs. Anderson also introduced, in conjunction with M. Sainton, some showy and effective variations for piano-forte and violin on the well-known air "Bel Raggio," (Rossini), which exhibited the talents of both executants to the highest advantage. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Costa, was that of the Royal Italian Opera, and played Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas* at the beginning, and Weber's *Ruler of the Spirits* at the end of the concert, in splendid style. The other instrumental feature was "Le Carnaval de Cuba," a violin *fantasia* by Sig. Sivori, professing to be an imitation of an American bird, called *sinsonte*. Not being acquainted with the peculiarities of the bird in question, we cannot answer for the resemblance, and must be content to state that although the fantasia served very well to display Sig. Sivori's wonderful executive powers, it presented no points to be admired in a purely musical point of view. All the company of the Royal Italian Opera assisted in the vocal department. Madame Viardot Garcia and Sig. Ronconi both made their first appearance on the occasion, and were welcomed with enthusiasm by the audience. Madame Viardot sang the *rondo finale*

from *Cenerentola*, in which she introduced some equally original and marvellous *traits de bravoure*; Signor Ronconi, the "Largo al factotum," with all his accustomed spirit and vivacity; both performances created a *furore*; Grisi, with the grand *aïda* from the *Favorita*, and Mario, with the "Ange si pur," from the same opera were not less warmly welcomed. Mario being encored, repeated the air half a tone higher, which was an evident improvement. The restoration of this admirable singer to the full vigour of his powers is almost entirely accomplished, to the unqualified gratification of all who admire the Italian Opera. One of the most striking features of the concert was Mademoiselle Anna Zerr's execution of the elaborate air of the "Queen of Night," from *Zauberflöte*. We have already spoken of the extraordinary gifts of this vocalist, whose engagement, by Mr. Gye, to fill the part of the "Queen of Night," in the approaching representation of Mozart's great opera, can hardly fail to give satisfaction to the subscribers and the public. A duet, from Spohr's *Faust* by Herrn Pischeck and Formes, another from the *Prophète* ("Della Mosa,") by Madame Viardot and Madame Castellan, and a third, Rossini's "I Marinari," (skillfully arranged for the orchestra by some one not named), by Signors Tamberlik and Tamburini, were each received with well deserved applause. One of the most attractive and one of the cleverest exhibitions of vocal talent, however, was a *bolero*, "La Chanteuse voilée," by Madame Charton, the charming *prima donna* of the *Opéra Comique*, who appears determined to sing the more provokingly well now that we have no chance of hearing her on the stage, her proper domain. Nothing could have been more hearty and genuine than the applause bestowed on Madame Charton. Signors Stigelli, Tagliafico, Bianchi, and Polonini, Herrn Reichardt and Stockhausen, and Mademoiselle Bertrandi, assisted in some concerted pieces; and Mademoiselle Angri gave the "Una Voce" with her accustomed energy and point. The concert passed off with unabated spirit and appeared to give unqualified satisfaction.

**GLEES AND MADRIGALS.**—A series of four performances of English glees, madrigals, and catches is going on at Will's rooms, the third of which took place on Wednesday afternoon, in presence of a numerous audience. Those who are fond of this class of vocal music—one of the indigenous growths of our country—could hardly do better than attend these entertainments. The singers, Messrs. Lockey, Hobbs, and Land (tenors), Mr. Francis (counter tenor), and Mr. H. Phillips (bass), are amongst the most able and experienced of our glee singers, and the ensemble they produce is admirable. The selection consisted of a madrigal, "Nymphs of the Forest," by Horsley; glees by Danby, Stevens, Webbe, Calcott, Elliot, and Bishop; and a catch, "Would you know my Celia's charms?" by Webbe. The favourites proved to be Elliott's glee, "At her fair hands," and Bishop's "Sleep, gentle lady," both of which were sung to perfection, and encored unanimously. The performance, which began at 3, terminated at 4 o'clock. The last meeting will come off on the 28th.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The eighth and last concert took place on Monday, to a crowded audience. We shall give the programme and a *résumé* of the season in our next.

**MR. HULLAH'S MONTHLY CONCERTS.**—The last of these, on Wednesday week, was made memorable by the production of *Fridolin*, a new dramatic *carbata* of remarkable ability, by Mr. Frank Mori, one of our most promising and talented musicians, of whom we shall speak at length next week, in our review of Mr. Hullah's season.

**VAUXHALL.—BAL COSTUME.**—On Friday evening week, those who had not the honour of an invitation to the Royal Palace, Buckingham-house, on the occasion of Her Majesty's *bal costumé*, had an opportunity of exhibiting themselves, and seeing others exhibited in somewhat similar costumes, at the "Royal property," Vauxhall Gardens, the proprietor of which place issued a general invitation to his friends and the public to honour him with a visit at the masquerade. The number of visitors was very considerable, and the appearance of the place gay and brilliant. Some of the mimic gallants of the age of the Merry Monarch were well habited, and, as far as external appearance went, did no dishonour to the Rochester, Sedleys, Buckinghams, Davenants, &c., of those piping times. The ladies, if they resembled their predecessors of the days of Charles II. in nothing else, were certainly not behind them in

the freedom of their deportment. There were several Nell Gwynnes, if not as fascinating, at least as forward as the celebrated original. The dancing and the diversions of the *bal* were, however, sufficiently decorous, and good humour and mirth prevailed for several hours in all parts of the grounds. The illuminations were particularly good, and the arrangements reflect credit on Mr. Wardell and his assistant *arbiter elegantiarum* Mr. B. Barnett. The band was an efficient one, and the whole was satisfactory to the British and foreign visitors of this very old and favourite place of pleasurable resort.

**MISS GODDARD'S CONCERT.**—The evening concert of Miss Goddard, already, though so young, one of our most admirable lady-pianists, came off on Wednesday last, at the Hanover-square Rooms, and attracted an overflowing audience. Ever since Miss Goddard performed at the Grand National Concerts, her talents have been made known and universally acknowledged, and few, even in advanced years, have won for themselves a more honourable and a better merited reputation. The young and charming artist's career is singularly hopeful, and if she only fulfil the promise of her youth, her future will be brilliant indeed. Miss Goddard performed on Wednesday night a Prelude and Fugue by Bach, in which she was encor'd; Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, with Sivori; and Thalberg's fantasia on *Don Pasquale*. Each of her performances was rapturously applauded, and the fair pianist honoured with a recall after each, independent of the encore awarded to the first. The following artists assisted:—Vocalists—Mdlle. Johansen, Miss Dolby, Miss Octavia Fraser (her first appearance), Herr Pischek, Herr Reichart. Instrumentalists—(Violin) Signor Sivori, (violincello) Signor Piatti, (harp) Gerhard Taylor, (alto) Mr. R. Blagrove, (flute) Signor Bracciali, (horn) Mr. Harper, (oboe) Mr. Nicholson, and (contra-basso) Signor Bottesini. Of this performance of the above host of talent we have not room to speak at length. Their names, however, will be a guarantee for their efforts, which, in almost every instance, were crowned with triumphant success. The programme was beyond the average merit, and, altogether, we may pronounce Miss Goddard's concert one of the most interesting of the season.

**MUSICAL CRITICISM RUN MAD.** The *coterie* of the anti-slavery Fourierite *Tribune*, or more likely the literary bureau connected with Napoleon Barnum's speculation, say this of Jenny Lind's last concert:—"Jenny Lind's singing is an unquestioned and supreme as the Parthenon and Correggio's pictures in art, and roses and lilies in nature. We owe to her constantly new and deeper delights. To hear her, as is our happy fortune, night after night, is to stand in the deepening summer, ever more lustrous and lovely, and perceive a redder red flush the petals of the rose, and purer pallor perfect the virginity of the lily. While we have her to sing, we need not regret too much that the Sistine Madonna is beyond the sea. For it is the hope and inspiration of all highest art to express precisely what Jenny Lind, as a woman and an artist, expresses." Jenny Lind has the credit of being charitable. If pity for individual misfortune ever agitated her bosom, she would confer lasting honour on herself, a benefit on society, and happiness upon the suffering journalist who wrote the above, by appropriating 10 dls. out of her half million, to buy him a straight jacket. Such a jacket would save a great deal of ruin, by preventing a terrible eruption, which may endanger the neighbourhood of the *Tribune* buildings. We know not which to fear most, an explosion, or a spontaneous combustion, which may increase the rates of insurance about the Park, and call out the entire fire department every night after a concert. We trust that the Nightingale will have charity on the author of such insanity, and control him in some way or other. There is positive danger from him at present.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**E. B. A. A.**—We agree in a great measure with what our correspondent says, but cannot publish his letter for many reasons. Mendelssohn's operetta is in the hands of our reviewer, and will be noticed forthwith.

#### Advertisements.

#### AMATI VIOLON ELLO.

TO be Sold, the Property of an Amateur. It is a beautiful specimen of the Cremona maker, and will be sold for much below its value. To be seen at Messrs. Wessel and Co., 229, Regent-street, Corner of Hanover-street.

#### CRAMER'S STUDIES.

THE First Volume of this Work is now Published in the upright form, newly revised and corrected by the Editor, and divided into four parts. Price, 6s. each.

Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

#### NEW PIANOFORTE STUDIES

BY ALEXANDRE BILLET.

"Rosalie," in A flat	...	...	...	...	2s. 6d.
"Margaret," A "	...	...	...	...	2s. od.
"Helene," E minor	...	...	...	...	2s. 6d.
"La Sylphide," F "	...	...	...	...	3s. 6d.
"Romana" (for the left hand), G flat	...	...	...	...	1s. 6d.
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"La Circassiana" (Octave Study), B major	...	...	...	...	2s. 0d.
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In the press, Six New Studies by Charles Mayer (of St. Petersburg), Op. 149.

Wessel & Co., 229, Regent-street, London.

#### NEW MUSIC.

THE WORLD IS A FAIRY RING, Ballad written by Eliza Cook, composed by Joseph Philip Knight; composer of Beautiful Venice, Gather ye Rosebuds, Ocean Dreams, Song of Early Days, Come away, Cavatina, The Happy day, The Old and New Year, Her cheek was pale.

London: Z. T. Purday, 45, High Holborn.

#### SACRED HARMONY.

UNDER the especial PATRONAGE of Her Most Excellent MAJESTY.—Just published, price 51s. 6d.

#### H. J. HAYCRAFT'S VOLUME OF SACRED HARMONY.

Contributors:—Kate Leiter, Sterndale Bennett, Henry Smart, G. A. Macfarren, Dr. Walmsley, W. H. Holmes, Lovell Phillips, Brinsley Richards, C. Lucas, Robert Barnett, &c.

"This is a judicious and interesting publication, containing works of high merit, and altogether possessing an interest not likely to pass hastily away."—Atlas.

London: Addison and Co.; and at the Editor's residence, 32, Queen's-road, Gloucester-gate, Regent's-park.

#### CARTE'S PATENT FLUTES.

Just published,

A SKETCH of the successive IMPROVEMENTS made in the FLUTE, with a statement of the Principles upon which Flutes are constructed, and a comparison between the relative merits of the Ordinary Flute, the Flute of Boehm, and Carte's two new Patent Flutes. By RICHARD CARTE.

Publishers: Rudall, Rose, & Co., 28, Southampton-street, Strand; Addison, 210 Regent-street; Keith and Prowse, 48, Cheapside; and Cocks & Co., 6, New Burlington-street. Price 1s., or if sent by post, 1s. 6d.

#### CURES FOR THE UNCURED!

**HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.**—Cure of a Red Leg of more than sixty years' standing.—Mr. Barker, of No. 5, Graham's Place, Drypool, near Hull, had ulcers on his leg from the age of 18 until upwards of 80, and although for many years he had sought the first advice in the country, nothing was found to cure them. He often suffered excruciating pain for long periods together, which incapacitated him from attending to his business. He has given up all hopes of getting a cure, when at last he was persuaded to try Holloway's Pills and Ointment, which he did, and however wonderful it may seem, the leg was thoroughly healed by their means, and by continuing to use the Pills alone after his leg was well, he has become in health so Hale and hearty as never to be more active than most men o' fifty. N. B.—The truth of this extraordinary statement can be vouch'd for by Mr. J. C. Reinhard, 22, Market Place, Hull. Feb 20 h, 1850.

The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in the following cases:

Bad Legs	Coco Bay	Contracted and	Lumbago	Sciatica
Bad Breasts	Chiapo-foot	Stiff Joints	Piles	Scrofulous
Burns	Chilblains	Elephantiasis	Rheumatism	Tumours
Bunions	Chapped hands	Fistulas	Sore Nipples	Ulcers
Bite of Mosche-Corns (Soft)	Gout	Glands	Sore Throats	Wounds
toes and Sand-Cancers	Glandular Swellings	Skin-diseases	Yaws	

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar,) London; and by all respectable Vendors of Patent Medicines throughout the Civilised World, in Pots and boxes, at 1s. 1*½*d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot or Box.

### A SUPERIOR CABINET ORGAN

**TO BE SOLD** a bargain, in handsome Polished Case; has five stops and two basses. Plays "God save the Queen," and about ten Songs, "Before Jehovah's awful Throne" and other Sacred Tunes. May be seen at Mr. Sims's Offices, 63, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy Square.

**THERE is a VACANCY** in NORWICH CATHEDRAL for a Tenor voice, salary £18 per annum, with perquisites. Candidates must be between 25 and 30 years of age, and must be able to present certificates of good character and of having been communicants. Testimonials of musical ability will be required and candidates are expected to be good choirmen as well as possessed of good voices. Each will have to sing an anthem of his own choice, and one at sight, selected by the Precentor on the morning of trial. Papers must be sent addressed to the Revd. the Precentor, Close, Norwich, before the 10th of July, and the trial will take place on the 17th.

Price 2s. 6d.; or by post, 3s.

**THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE** for July contains : Chatterton; a story of the year 1770. Chaps. I. and II.—Weeds, Wild Flowers, and Waste Paper.—Leaves from the Portfolio of a Manager; No. VII. A peep behind the Scenes during the Rehearsal of a Pantomime; The Box-Office.—Five Months in an Ancient Irish City.—Our Portrait Gallery: No. LXIV.—MICHAEL W. BALFE. With an Etching.—Wordsworth's Life.—Maurice Tiernay, the Soldier of Fortune: Chap. XXXVIII.—A Royalist "De la Vieille Roche." Chap. XXXIX.—A Sorrowful Parting.—The day after the Storm.  
Dublin: JAMES McGLAHAN, 50, Upper Sackville-street. WM. S. OBB & CO., 2, Amen-corner, London, and Liverpool. Sold by all Booksellers.

### MUSICAL UNION.

**VIEUXTEMPS.**—Tuesday next, at half-past Three, this great Violinist will come expressly to fulfil his engagement at the MUSICAL UNION, and remain in London only a few days. Quartet. D minor, Mozart; Sonata, Pianoforte, Op. 29, in E flat, Beethoven; Grand Quintett in C, Beethoven; Solo, Violin, Vieuxtemps. Executant—Vieuxtemps, Deloix, Hill, Lannesberg, Piatti, and Charles Hallé. Visitor's tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had at Cramer and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street, J. ELLA.

### NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS,

27, QUEEN ANNE STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

#### MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS

Has the honor to announce that he will give his Second Performance of CLASSICAL AND MODERN PIANOFORTE MUSIC,

ON WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 9th,

To commence at Three o'clock, and terminate at Five. On which occasion he will be assisted by

MISS CATHERINE HAYES and MADAME MACFARREN.

Pianoforte—Mr. BRINLEY RICHARDS.

Violin—Herr ERNST. Violoncello—Signor PIATTI.

Contra Bass—Signor BOTTESENI.

Conductor—Mr. HOLMES.

Broadwood's Patent Grand Pianofortes will be used at these Concerts.

Subscription Tickets for Reserved Seats, One Guinea. Single Reserved Seats Two Shillings. Single Tickets, Eight Shillings. May be had at all the principal Music Warehouses, and of Mr. Brinley Richards, 6, Somerset-street, Portman-square

### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

**CONDUCTOR MR. COSTA.**—On FRIDAY next, 4th July, Mendelssohn's ELIAH. Vocalists—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss E. Birch, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams; Mr. Sims Reeves and Herr Formes. The Orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 Performers. Tickets 3s.; reserved, 5s.; Central Area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d. each; at the Society's office, 6, in Exeter Hall, or of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing Cross. Early application is recommended to secure Tickets.

### MISS KATE LODER

**BEGS** to announce that her MATINEE MUSICALE, will take place at the New Beethoven Rooms on Saturday July 8th, to commence at half-past two o'clock. Vocalists, Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Williams, Madame Macfarren, Madame Ferrari, Miss Pyne, Miss Mescant, Miss Ley, and Miss Dolby. Herr Reichart, Signor Ferrari, Mr. T. Williams, and Mr. Frank Bodda. Instrumentalists, violin, Herr Ernst and Mr. John Day; tenor, Mr. Dando; violoncello, Mr. Hanerch who will perform a MS. quartet by Miss Kate Loder; flute, Mr. Richardson; pianoforte, Miss Kate Loder; conductor, Mr. W. C. Macfarren. Tickets, half a guinea each. Reserved seats, 15s. to be had of Miss Kate Loder, at her residence, 35, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, of Cramer, Beale & Co., Addison & Co., Regent Street, and of Robert Olivier, 19, Old Bond Street.

### QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS,

HANOVER SQUARE.

#### M. ALEXANDRE BILLET,

Has the honour to announce that his THIRD PERFORMANCE of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE AND VOCAL MUSIC,

Will take place on MONDAY, JUNE 30.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

#### VOCALISTS:

MADAME ANNA THILLON, MADAME MACFARREN.

HERR STIGELLI, HERR JULES STOCKHAUSEN.

M. BILLET will play on Kirkman's New Repetition Grand Pianoforte.

#### PART I.

- |  |              |
|--|--------------|
| 1. SONATA in F minor, Op. 30, Pianoforte. M. BILLET. | Hummell      |
| 2. SONG, "Forget it not," (Sleeper Awakened) MME.    | Macfarren.   |
| 3. "VOLKSLIED."                                      | HERR         |
| "Auf Flugelndes Gesanges."                           | Mendelssohn. |
| 4. CAPRICE in D minor, Pianoforte M. BILLET.         | S. Bennett.  |
| Allegro Appassionato, M. BILLET.                     | E. J. Loder. |
- 
- |   |              |
|---|--------------|
| PART II.  |              |
| CHARACTERISTIC STUCK, (the Temperaments) No. 4)                       |              |
| 5. (Con motto, A major Caprice in F sharp minor, Pianoforte M. BILLET | Mendelssohn. |
| "HUNTSMAN REST"   | HERR         |
| 6. "My hawk is tired!" STOCKHAUSEN                                    | Schubert.    |
| 7. LIED "Suleika," MME MACFARREN                                      | Mendelssohn. |
| 8. SELECTION OF STUDIES. Pianoforte M. BILLET.                        | F. Hiller.   |
| D minor . . . . .   | A. Billet.   |
| F major . . . . .   | Mendelssohn. |
| E minor . . . . .   | Chopin.      |
| G flat major . . . . .  | Halberg,     |
| A minor (by DESIRE)   |              |

Tickets for a Single Concert, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Subscription to the Reserved Seats for the Series, £1 1s. To be had of WESSEL and Co., 229, Regent Street; at the principal Music Publishers; and at the Rooms on the morning of the Concert.

### ALEXANDRE RANCHERAYE

Has the honour to announce that he will give a SOIREE MUSICALE under the Immediate Patronage of HER EXCELLENCY MADAME BUNSEN, at the NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, on THURSDAY, JULY 3rd, 1851, to commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Vocalists—Miss Dolby, Mlle. Johansen, Mrs. A. Newton, Signor Marchesi, and Mr. Bridge Frodsham. Pianoforte—Signor Cittadini, Violin Alexandre Rancheray, Violoncello, Mr. E. Withers. Conductors—Signor Cittadini and Herr F. Schmidt. Tickets 7s. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d., at the Musicsellers, and of Alexandre Rancheray, 39, Portland-street, Portland Place.

### NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS.

27, QUEEN ANNE STREET.

### MADLLE. ELISE KRINITZ'S MATINEE MUSICALE

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY, JULY 7TH, 1851,

TO COMMENCE AT TWO O'CLOCK.

#### VOCALISTS.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES,  
MADLLE. ANNA ZERR, MADLLE. GRAUMANN,

MISS BINKES.

MISS OCTAVIA FRASER,

HERR REICHART.

SIGNOR MARCHESI. SIGNOR CIABATTA,  
MR. AUGUSTUS BRAHAM.

#### INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

Pianoforte, MADLLE. ELISE KRINITZ.

Harp, MADAME PARISH ALVARIS,

Violin, MR. LEON REYNIER, Violoncello, MR. ROUSSELOT.

CONDUCTORS, MR. LAVENU AND MR. FRELON.

TICKETS 10s. 6d. RESERVED SEATS, 15s.

To be had of CRAMER, BEALE, and Co., 201, Regent Street; at the principal Music Warehouses and Libraries; and of Middle. KRINITZ, 37, Great Marlborough Street.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. SOIREE EXTRAORDINAIRES.

THE Week's Performances will include the talents of Madame Sontag, Madlle. Caroline Duprez, Madame Fiorentini, Madame Giuliani, Madame Ugdalé, and Madlle. Sophie Cruevelli. Signor Gardoni, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Pardini, and Signor Calzolari, Signori Lablache, Massol, F. Lablache, Casanova, Scapini, Lorenzo, Ferranti and Coletti, Mlle. Amalia Ferraris, Mlle. Marie Taglioni, and Mlle. Carolina Rosati. M.M. Charles, Errick, Gosselin, and Paul Taglioni.

Tuesday, July 1st, IL PRODIGO.

Wednesday, July 2, LA MUTA DI PORTICI, (Masaniello,) and other entertainments.

Thursday, July 3, Thalberg's new Grand Opera FLORINDA, or the Moors in Spain. (Being included in the Subscription, in lieu of Saturday, July 5.)

In consequence of the Preparations requisite for Her Majesty's reception on the occasion of the

### STATE VISIT,

There will be no Performance on Friday next.

### THE last Grand Classical, Dramatic, Miscellaneous, Concerted MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

of the season will take place on MONDAY MORNING, June 30th, 1851.

On this occasion will appear Mesdames SONTAG, CAROLINE DUPREZ, AIAIMO, GIULIANI, IDA BERTRAND, FIORENTINI, MARIE CRUEVELLI, and SOPHIE CRUEVELLI—Madame UGALDE.

Signori GARDONI and CALZOLARI, Mr. SIMS REEVES and Signor PARDINI, Signori COLETTI, FERRANTI, F. LABLACHE, and LABLACHE.

The whole under the Direction of Mr. BALFE.

Signor SIVORI (Engaged expressly for this occasion) will execute Two unpublished Pieces of Paganini.

The Concert will commence at Two o'clock precisely.

### GRAND EXTRA NIGHT. THALBERG'S NEW GRAND OPERA,

## FLORINDA,

OR THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

IT is respectfully announced that a Grand Extra Night will take place on THURSDAY next, July 3, 1851, when will be produced an entirely New Grand Opera, composed expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre, by Sigismund Thalberg. The Poem by Scribe, the Italian Libretto by Giannoni, entitled

## FLORINDA,

OR THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

With new Scenery by Mr. Charles Marshall. The Costumes executed by Miss Bradley and Mr. Combes. Under the Superintendence of Madame Copere. The Mise en Scene by Mr. A. Harris.

Count Julian	... ...	... ...	Signor LABLACHE.
Florinda (his Daughter)	... ...	... ...	Mlle. SOFIE CRUEVELLI.
Teodromo	... ...	... ...	Mlle. MARIE CRUEVELLI.
(Her First Appearance in this country.)			
Rodrigo	... ...	... ...	Signor CALZOLARI.
Favila	... ...	... ...	Mr. SIMS REEVES.
Munuzza	... ...	... ...	AND Signor COLETTI.

With various entertainments in the Ballet Department, in which will appear Madlle. Amalia Ferraris, Mlle. Marie Taglioni, Mdlle. Carolina Rosati, Mdlles. Rosa, Esper, Julien, Lamoureux, Allegrini, Kohlberg, Aussandon, Pascalis, Dantonie, Soto, &c., &c. MM. Charles, Gosselin, Errick, and Paul Taglioni. Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box Office of the Theatre. Doors open at Seven, and the Opera to commence at half-past Seven o'clock.

## BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY,

27, QUEEN ANNE STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

THE LAST PERFORMANCE this Season (for MR. ROUSSELOT'S Benefit), on Wednesday, July 9th, at 8 o'clock. Messrs. Ernst, Sainton, Cooper and Sivori; Messrs. Hill, Rousset, and Bottesini; Madlle. Coulon, and Miss Dohly.

PROGRAMME.—M. zar, Quartet No. 4, Spohr, Duet for Violin and Tenor by Messrs. Sivori and Ernst. Classical Song, Miss Dolby. Rousset, Quintette, No. 3, with contra bass by Bottesini, and led by Ernst. Mendelssohn, Trio No. 2. Song, Miss Dolby. Beethoven, Quartet, No. 9. Duo Brilliant, Violin and Contra Bass, Sivori and Bottesini.

Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 7s.; to be obtained of Messrs. Rousset and Co., 66, Conduit Street, Regent Street, and at the principal music sellers.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

SECOND NIGHT OF LÉ PROPHÈTE.

SECOND APPEARANCE OF MADAME VIARDOT.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, JULY 1st, will be performed Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,

### LE PROPHÈTE.

Fides, ...	Madame VIARDOT.
(Her second appearance this season)	
Bertha, ...	Madame CASTELLAN.
Jean de Leyde, ...	Signor MARIO.
Count Oberthal, ...	Signor TAGLIACCO.
Sergeant, ...	Signor SOLDI.

Peasants, ...	(Signor ROMMI and Signor RACHE).
Geona, ...	Signor STIGELLI.
Mathisine, ...	Signor POLONINI.
Zacarias, ...	Herr FORMES.

The Chorus in the grand Coronation Scene of the Third Act will combine the powers of the Full Orchestra, the Military Bands, the Chorus and Organ. The Incidental Diversissement in the Skating Scene will be supported by Madlle. Louise Taglioni and M. Alexandre, and comprise the celebrated Quadrille des Patineurs.

### GRAND EXTRA NIGHT, LES HUGUENOTS.

On Thursday next, July 3rd, will be performed (for the sixth time this season), Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,

### LES HUGUENOTS,

Principal characters by Madame Grisi, Madame Castellan, Mdlle. Angri, Mdlle. Coiti, Herr Formes, Signor Tagliacco, Signor Polonini, Signor Ferrari, Signor Rommi, Signor Met, Signor Soldi, and Signor Mario.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor,—M.R. COSTA.

COMMENCE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be had at the Box Office of the Theatre.

## MR. FRANK BODDA

RESPECTFULLY announces to his Friends and Pupils that HIS SECOND MATINEE MUSICALE will take place early in July. Tickets Half-a-Guinea each. To be had of Mr. Frank Bodda, 42, Hart-street, Bloomsbury Square.

## NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

STREICH	... ...	Le Hirondelle.
RICHARDS	... ...	Midsummer Day.
RICHARDS	... ...	Moonlight Serenade.
RICHARDS	... ...	Danish Air.
PRAEGER	... ...	Pastorale.
PRAEGER	... ...	Moment Joyeux.
KUHE	... ...	Nocturne Romantique.
SILAS	... ...	Styriens.
SILAS	... ...	Amaranth.
THALBERG	... ...	La Primavera.
SCHULTZ	... ...	(A quatre Mains.)
WOLFF	... ...	Prophete.
WOLFF	... ...	Mélodie.
WOLFF	... ...	Euryanthe.
		Preciosa.

Cramer, Beale and Co., 201, Regent Street.

## NEW DUETS FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

THALBERG	... ...	Beatrice di Tenda
ROSELLIN	... ...	Deux Méthodes de Donizetti, 1 and 2.
ROSELLIN	... ...	Fai D'andorre.
WOLFF	... ...	Valse Original.
WOLFF	... ...	Beatrice di Tenda.
SILAS	... ...	La Primavera, Bagatelle.
KAILIWODA	... ...	Invitation à la danse.
OSBORNE	... ...	Plume de Peiles
SCHULTZ	... ...	Duo L'spagniola.

Cramer, Beale and Co., 201, Regent-street.

## MR. CRIVELLI

BEGS to acquaint his friends and the public that a Third Edition of the "ART OF SINGING," enlarged and newly arranged in the form of a Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his residence, 71, Upper Norton-street, and at all the principal Music-sellers.

\* Soon will be ready, the French and German Translation.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, by MICHAEL SAMUEL HYMES, of No. 3 Study Villas, Studley Road, Clapham Road, in the parish of Lambeth, at the office of MYERS and Co., 22, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, in the parish of St. Paul, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Purkess, Dean Street S.h.o.; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vicker, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, June 28, 1851.